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Senior Number

December 1924

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Broken Vows

By RUTH GOVIER

The vanquish'd sun his bleeding hosts withdrew,
  Tho leaving yet a dying sunset ray;
And somber-cladded night o'erspread the blue,
  While night birds breathed a pray'r for parting day.

The lovely moon that haunts the summer night
  And summons lovers to their rendezvous,
I greeted with a lover's fond delight,
  For in her wake came happiness and you.

But now she lights you to another tryst,
  And other lovers wait your coming now.
By others have your rosy lips been kiss'd,
  And others hear you breathe your traitor's vow.

But tho I know your love was mockery,
  And vanity was all your proud heart bore,
I would the moon could bring you back to me
  As once she brought you in the days of yore.

Your lips their pretty promises would give,
  And tho they were as false as Fortune's smile,
As purest pledges in my heart would live
  As free as any flow'ret is from guile.

The words that break a heart can heal it, too.
  It matters not how false the vow may be,
The anxious ear of love will make it true,
  And Nature sweeten it with memory.

The Wall

By HENRIETTA STERN

Judson and Nancy were together after a long separation during which Judson, in helping Lincoln in the war for equality, had lost his right arm. Nancy was in awe of the empty sleeve. He was fearful lest the loss of his arm should hinder her acceptance of his oft-repeated proposal.

"Let's go over to the pond where the bench is."

"All right, Nancy, but let's not go all the way around tho. You still can go over the wall, can't you? Or have these hard times taken even your youth away? It has aged so many of the young folks."

"Well, Judson, I'll try it but I haven't gone over it since you've been away and it seemed so long."

When they got to the wall Judson clambered up first, not so youthfully as he had done before he had been aged by the sight of man fighting man with deadly intent. When he reached the top he stretched over, offering her his hand. She hesitated in taking the hand for fear of pulling him off the wall. He saw her hesitation and was hurt by it. Then she took his hand to show that she had not meant him any slight. She was surprized at his strength.

"O Judson, you're so strong! I don't have to make any effort at all; you pull me up so easily!"

* * *

There lives an old lady all alone now for her

husband is dead these many years, and her children are married and live with their own families. She is lonely for all that she has many friends for there was never any like Judson. Nancy is dying tho she doesn't know it. She is dying not only of old age but also, and mostly, of the want of her one-armed man. They had had a few quarrels in their married life, but the making-up had brought them only closer together.

As Nancy lies on her bed she lives over again her life before she was married. She remembers Judson's homecoming and the moment they were going over to the pond when their only obstacle was the wall. She feels again the strong, comforting clasp of his hard hand.

Again she sees the wall but here it is higher and there is no helping hand to supplement her slender strength. The dim old eyes peer thru the wall and there she sees all her heart is longing for—peace and comfort—and Judson. But the wall is impassable and the soft, wrinkled hands stretch forth in mute appeal. No response. The flame of hope almost dies out in the lonely breast and the grey head sinks in despair. Then a helping hand stretches forth, she feels once more the strong, warm clasp of the work-hardened fingers. Judson. . . and no longer does she doubt his strength.

The School of Sighs

(With Apologies to Thomas Hood)

By Leonora Gross

I.
One more Unfortunate
Left of a class,
She did not graduate,
She did not pass.

II.
Look at her subjects all
Who would not for them fall?
Latin and History,
And Trigonometry,
Last, but not least, of them,
Spanish and Chem.

III.
Scorn her not thoughtlessly
For small mistake,
No one acts faultlessly,
Errors all make.

IV.
Blame her not strongly,
For what she did wrongly,
Little she realized
How **work** is prized.

V.
Slight were the tasks she did
Carelessly heeded.
Loudly the teachers chid:
"Scoldings you needed!"

VI.
She was too kind of heart
When evening came,
And she her work did start,
Ann called her name.

VII.
"Won't you come down," said Ann.
"See a good show?
For instance, **Peter Pan?"**
She couldn't say "No."

VIII.
Alas! for the rarity
Of loving charity
When tests were near.
Oh! it was sad to see!
So many chums had she
But no friend dear!

IX.
Look at her teacher, too,
Pitied they her, think you?
To her more cruel the fates
Than to her dear classmates.
Not one did offer her,
Not one would proffer her,
Sevens and eights.

X.
Judge her not blindly
And think of her kindly,
With sweet understanding
Kind judgment commanding.

XI.
Owning her weakness,
Her witless offense,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her conscience!

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE
or
THERE'S NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

A Super-Malagorgeous Photoplay In Five Parts

By Pearl Solomon

PART I

Scene I—Time: The Primitive Age. View of side of a mountain, showing a cave near the top. The cave is Stonage High School, attended by Tommy Caveman, a senior. Close-up shows Tommy coming out of school. It is Friday afternoon; thus he has nothing to do. He walks over to his dinosaurus which is parked nearby. He mounts, and rides at a slow pace. Enter upon scene, Clarice Cavedweller, a sturdy young miss, attired in a leopard skin. Upon catching sight of her, Tommy draws up to her, and attempts harmless flirtation. He asks Clarice to hop on behind him, and after a few minutes of deliberation, she accepts.

Scene II—A jungle. Clarice, being a sturdy young miss, is walking home.

PART II

Scene I—Time: 1898. Discloses a little red schoolhouse in a fenced-in schoolyard. Exit, Willie Slowpoke, a senior. It is Friday afternoon; thus he has nothing to do. He walks over to his tandem bicycle, which is propped against the side of the schoolhouse, and starts to ride toward home. Enter upon scene, Mary Mixup, a frolicsome young miss, attired in a bustle-sleeved coat, with leopard skin muff and scarf. Beholding her, Willie draws nigh, invites her to help him pedal, and after a few minutes of deliberation, she accepts.

Scene II—A country dirt road. Mary, being a frolicsome young miss, has detached her part of the tandem and is pedaling her way home.

PART III

Scene I—Time: 1924. Opens upon a red brick high school situated on a large, green lawn. Closeup of Harry Cakeater, a senior, departing from school in the direction of his roadster. It is Friday afternoon; thus he has nothing to do. He gets into his car, and is about to "step on the gas" when Peggy Gimme enters upon scene, carrying a queer bundle. She is a versatile young miss, and is wearing a leopard skin jacket. She has already accepted Harry's invitation, after a few minutes of deliberation.

Scene II—A macadam road. Peggy, being a versatile young miss, with a roadmap in one hand, and a lantern in the other, is skating home.

PART IV

Scene I—Time: Early June, 1925. Shows a fashionable high school at a summer resort. Dick Dumbell, a senior, is leaving the side entrance. It is Friday afternoon; thus he has nothing to do. He walks in the direction of the landing, where his two-seater motor boat awaits him. On the landing he meets Jackie Jazzbo, an athletic young miss, attired in a yellow bathing suit, edged with leopard skin. After a few minutes of deliberation, she accepts Dick's invitation to go for a spin.

Scene II—A part of the bay. Close-up discloses Jackie in it. Being an athletic young miss, she is swimming home.

PART V

Scene I—Time: 1960. Scene shows a fifteen-story high school. Close-up of a skylight on the roof, from which emerges Felice Phlyhie, a senior. It is Friday afternoon; thus; she has nothing to do. She walks in the direction of her aeroplane, which is parked at the other end of the roof. On her way she meets Percy Prude, who is sunning himself. He is a nice young gentleman, attired in a long leopard skin coat, and is carrying a queer-looking cane. Felice gives him the "high sign," and after a few minutes of deliberation, he climbs into the double-seater.

Scene II—Shows a speck in the air. Being a nice young gentleman, Percy is on his way home, suspended from a parachute.

Author's Afterward

And so, dear friends, having read this masterpiece, if you have any objections, voice them now, or forever after hold your peace.

THE OLD MAN

By Henrietta Stern

I saw a man all bent and grey
Think of his life now passed away.
His eyes were bright, his breath came fast,
He sat there thinking life's now past.
The cold recalls him now to life
To toil, to moil, to daily strife;
He sees thru hardened cynic's eyes
A world that lies and lies and lies.

Snooze's Craduation

(Dickens, Apologize!)

By Ruth Govier and Hulda Goëller

STAVE ONE

The Principal's Ghost

Oh! But he was a nuisance in the study-room, Snooze! a whispering, cutting, copying, noisy, impudent young sinner! Foolish and stupid as a goose, from whom no teacher had ever plucked a feather of intelligence.

No teacher ever stopped him in the hall, with gladsome looks, to say, "My dear Snooze, how are you? When are you going to give another speech in Assembly? It is always a pleasure to listen to you." No friend implored him to lend a book, no 1B asked him what it was o'clock, no visitor ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a room, of Snooze.

But what did Snooze care? It was the very thing he liked. To rush along thru life, warning all knowledge to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones would call "pie" to Snooze.

Once upon a time—of all the good months of the year, a month before Commencement—Snooze sat reading at his desk. It was very late, and he soon began to feel drowsy, and started to leaf listlessly thru his novel, when he came upon a picture of his Best Girl. Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about that picture, except that it was very pretty. It is also a fact, that Snooze had seen its impersonation night and morning during his whole ten terms at school. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Snooze, considering its loveliness, suddenly observed that a bristling pair of whiskers had made its appearance on the dimpled chin, and the wavy tresses had melted away from the top of the head, leaving a suspicious bald spot; no longer his Best Girl's picture, but his Principal's face. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Snooze as the Principal used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and tho the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid color, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

"Humbug!" said Snooze; and walked across the room.

His color changed tho, when, without a pause, it stepped from the picture, and passed into the room before his eyes. The body was transparent, so that Snooze, observing it, and looking thru its waistcoat, could see the two buttons on the coat behind.

"How now!" said Snooze, dull and insipid as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"I have much to say," the Ghost replied, "but time and space are limited me, and that of which I would warn you, will be imparted by others than myself. You will be haunted by Three Spirits. In these visits lies your hope of Graduation."

The apparition walked backwards from him, growing dimmer with every step it took, so that by the time it entered its former frame it had once more donned the wavy tresses and dimpled chin of Isabel.

STAVE TWO

The First of the Three Spirits

Scarcely had the vision passed, when the window opened and Snooze was aware of a queer apparition.

It was a strange figure—like a child, with short, wide skirts of pink organdy, garnished with a wide blue sash. And the strangest thing about it was, that its head was encircled by a bright halo, by which all was visible, and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great dunce-cap for an extinguisher, which it now held under its arm.

"Who, and what are you?" Snooze demanded.

"I am the Spirit of Past Schooldays. Rise! and walk with me!"

As the words were spoken, they passed thru the wall, and stood in the corridor of a high school, with doors on either hand.

"Great Heaven!" said Snooze, clasping his hands together as he looked about him, "I was a 1B in this place."

They went, the Spirit and Snooze, across the hall to the door of a classroom. It opened before them, and disclosed Snooze's first home room. At one of the desks a boy was studying. His face shone with the light of intelligence, and the effect of Ivory Soap. His thin legs were encased in woolen sox, and his short, straight trousers ended sharply above his knees. He wore a spotless white waist, surmounted by a stiff white collar, from which bloomed forth a green Windsor tie. He had about his head a halo, much like that of the Spirit's. The boy rose, and taking his brand-new brief case, which squeaked at every motion, floated

out of the room, and onward to his next class.

Snooze sat down upon a desk, and wept to see his poor little self as he used to be.

The Spirit smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another term."

Snooze's former self grew larger at the words, and the halo disappeared. The Spirit and Snooze caught the boy in the very act of inserting a pollywog in his favorite teacher's inkwell. Soon afterward Snooze's former self was ushered by urgent hands into the office.

"Spirit!" said Snooze in a broken voice, "remove me from this place." He seized the dunce-cap and by a sudden action pressed it down upon the Spirit's head.

He dropped beneath it, and disappeared from view. Snooze had barely time to reel to his desk, before he sank into a heavy slumber.

STAVE THREE

The Second of the Three Spirits

Snooze was awakened by an uncomfortable feeling of coldness. He roused himself, stretched, and looked around the room. Suddenly he heard a faint knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Snooze.

The figure which entered was even stranger than his earlier visitor. It was clad in a gorgeous frock of satin-faced canton, elaborately beaded in gold. The skirt was arranged so that it swung whenever a step was taken, revealing a pair of plump, rouged knees. Its hair was shorn like a boy's, and the shell-pink ears, which were entirely revealed, rendered themselves still pinker by the use of Pompeian Bloom. In one hand it bore a nickle-silver mesh-bag containing a near-gold compact with an indescribable design upon the cover.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never!" Snooze made answer to it.

"Touch my robe!"

Snooze did as he was told and held it fast.

Perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of hers, or else it was her own kind nature, and her sympathy with all scholars, that led her straight to the same school where Snooze had been before.

Once again he saw himself, taller now, and thinner. He was wearing long, bell-bottomed trousers, and his hair and sideburns were superlatively brill-iantined. In lieu of the spotless white waist of former days, he wore now a collegiate sweater of powder blue. He stood in a room garnished with divers maps and charts, arguing with the History teacher on the rights of "men."

"Come!" said the Spirit, and led the way to a group of teachers who were discussing the deeds of some miserable student.

"His marks," said one, "are preposterous! He has three 5's and a 6!"

"His conduct," said another, "is distressing!"

"His attitude," said a third, "is disgusting!"

"This," said a fourth, holding up a horrible, bescribbled, ink-spattered manuscript, crowned with a cipher, "is an example of his work."

"And who," asked Snooze, "is this unhappy wretch?"

The Spirit pointed to the paper. Snooze crept towards it, trembling as he went, and following the finger, read upon the sheet, his own name, EBENEZER SNOOZE.

He started back appalled. "Spirit! is that mine?" He could say no more.

The clock struck twelve.

Snooze looked about him for the Ghost, but saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of the Principal, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Fantom, clad in cap and gown, coming, like a mist, along the ground towards him.

STAVE FOUR

The Last of the Spirits

The Fantom slowly, gravely, silently, approached. When it came near him, Snooze bent down upon his knee, for in the very air thru which this Spirit moved, it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

"Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Future Schooldays?" said Snooze.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its hand.

"Will you not speak to me?" he asked.

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before him.

"Lead on!" said Snooze. "The night is waning, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Fantom moved away as it had come towards him. Snooze followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, and carried him along. For a third time he was conducted to the high school, but now to the Assembly Hall.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but he saw no likeness of himself among the throng which had gathered there. He noticed that each student was clad in cap and gown, resembling that of his Guide.

"Spirit!" he cried, "is there no hope?"

Without speaking the Spirit held up before him four scrolls, which slowly unrolled. As they unrolled, at the top of each was seen—the Mark of Failure.

The Spirit's finger pointed from the scrolls to him and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger was still there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tightly clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope!"

The kind Spirit's hand trembled.

"Oh, tell me," cried Snooze, "that I may sponge away the marks upon those scrolls!"

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Fantom's cap and gown. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

STAVE FIVE

The End of It

Yes! the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will study in the Present and in the Future!" he repeated. "The Spirit of the Future shall strive within me."

"I don't know what to do!" cried Snooze, laughing and crying in the same breath. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as giddy as a drunken man. Hallo there! Whoop! Hallo!"

He frisked over to his desk, and caught his books in a fond embrace.

Snooze was better than his word. He did his lessons, and infinitely more. He became as good a student, as good a friend, and as good a man, as the good old school had ever known, or any other good old school, in the good old world.

Every Senior

By Frank Martin

Apology to Everyman.

Dramatis Personae.

Messenger
Principal
Graduation
Friends
Goods
Hard Work
Knowledge
Beauty
Five Wits
Memory

Messenger

Doctor

My dear audience, I have come to tell you of the great morality play called Every Senior. We all know we must graduate, sooner or later, and that we must give a reckoning by taking exams. Therefore I will try to prove that Friends, Beauty, Five Wits, Goods and Memory will not help you on your exam. day. Hard Work and Knowledge alone can save you.

Principal

I see that there are many Seniors who are wasting time, and forgetting that they have to take exams. They do not fear graduation, but the day of exams. has come unawares. Go, O Graduation, and summon Every Senior to go on his journey of reckoning.

Graduation

I will, my Principal. (He departs.)

Every Senior

Alas! Graduation has arrived.

Graduation

Every Senior, your day has come, the Principal has ordered you to start your exams. and give your reckoning to Graduation.

Every Senior

Can't you wait till I have made up my work?

Graduation.

No respite can be given, I wait for no one, depart!

Every Senior

I am indeed in a deplorable condition, I shall never pass the exams., but I will try to collect some Friends to help me. (He starts on journey.)

Friends

Bon vivant, Every Senior, how are you?

Every Senior.

I am in a terrible fix, will you help me?

Friends

Yes, we will stick to you, thru thick and thin.

Every Senior

I have been called to take an exam., will you help me study?

Friends

We would like to help you study, but we are having a party tonight. We're sorry, we can't help.

Every Senior

Thus it is, my friends desert me now. I will call my Goods and ask their help.

Goods

We are at your service.

Every Senior

I will sell some of you, and buy a box of candy for my teacher.

Goods

We cannot resist you.

Every Senior

(Tries to sell Goods, but fails.)

Alas, even my Goods cannot help me.

Every Senior.

I am indeed in a bad position, but I shall try to get Hard Work to help me.

Hard Work

I am very weak, for you have neglected me, but I will do my best to help you pass your exams. I advise you to get Knowledge, Beauty, Five Wits and Memory to help you.

Every Senior

I will do as you tell me and collect these characteristics.

Knowledge

I will attend you.

Beauty

I will also go with you on this journey.

Five Wits

Rest assured, I will do my best

Memory

I will also help you to the best of my ability.

Every Senior

I have at least some aid in taking my exams. I will now start on my journey with my good friends. We have arrived at the threshold of the examination room, and with the aid of my good qualities, I think I shall pass.

Beauty

I fear I cannot be of much help in that room where brows are knit and countenances are stern. Farewell!

Five Wits

I cannot enter a room where there is so little humor and action.

Every Senior

Will you also desert me?

Memory

I cannot help you, for you are too excited. I will leave.

Hard Work

I will enter and help you, even tho I am a little weak.

Knowledge

I will also serve you to the best of my ability.

Every Senior

Now, I see my true friends, Hard Work and Knowledge. I am sorry that I did not work harder to attain more Knowledge, and thus strengthen those friends who would help me when I need them. I have learned my lesson and will no longer loaf or waste time, but work hard and long, and be faithful to those who are my true Friends.

Doctor

So you see, my dear audience, that Friends, Goods, Beauty, Five Wits and Memory cannot help you pass the exams on your way to Graduation, but Hard Work and Knowledge alone will save you.

Finis.

FALSE WISHES

By Ruth Govier

I heard a Senior once declare
Before his graduation,
"I hate to leave the schoolhouse where
I got my education.

I'll miss the lessons and the books
That often have distressed me.
I'll miss the prof whose solemn looks
Have more than once impressed me.

I'm sorry that my marks were low
And I was such a bother.
I used to make my teachers go
And have it out with father.

I'd like to live those days again,
I'm sure I'd make them better.
I wouldn't think that study then
Was like an iron fetter.

Ah me! My heart is full of wo
Whene'er I think about it.
'Twill be a most tremendous blow
To have to do without it."

But Fate was kind, the Senior failed
And thus his wish was granted.
The one who had his lot bewailed,
I thought to find enchanted.

Instead I found him in despair,
Bemoaning Luck's desertion.
He gnashed his teeth and tore his hair
With most profound exertion.

Thus oft we voice, in false display,
Desires we never wanted.
Then stand and curse the fateful day
We see our wishes granted.

A Tale of the Hills

By Mildred Kingsland

Faith and her aged grandfather were squatting on the clearing before their log cabin. Tho the slender, dark-complexioned girl seemed absorbed in her knitting, and the stooped, kindly old man's fingers were awkwardly cobbling his heavy mountain boots, still neither was wholly oblivious of the tranquil beauty of the surrounding country. Now and then they looked up from their work to drink in the beauty of the rippling waters of the Shrewsbury, dotted with skiffs, which flowed swiftly out to meet the sea. On the other side of the river the glistening sands of Sandy Hook stretched far out into the ocean, and sail boats, with huge masts that shone in the sun, tossed about upon the blue horizon. Yet neither suspected what terror was being harbored by the elements. The only messenger of the coming storm was a distant, menacing cloud.

Late that afternoon, long after Grandfather had left for his post as gateman, miles up the railroad track, and Faith was in the midst of the tedious task of feather-pillow making, the storm broke, unheralded. "With one stride came the dark." Distant muffled rumbling grew rapidly into heavy deafening thunder, and the driving rain fell, first with a shock upon the dry, baked earth, and then with ceaseless unabating fury. Stalwart, towering pines rocked and moaned as the Storm King flung hail with unreserved force upon the trembling earth, and unsheathed his gleaming silver sword of electricity to brandish it across the dark heavens.

There was terror in many a heart as the wrath of the storm broke loose, but Faith had no fear. Even when the log cabin quivered under the mighty force of the raging tempest, her prayers were ever for the little old man whose only refuge was a tiny shack beside the railroad trail. In turn, the old man, even as the sharp hail stung his wrinkled face, was praying for Faith. Could he but have known what was about to take place, terror would have ruled supreme in his heart, for immediately Faith was startled by the rushing sound of shifting sands, of crashing trees, the hard grating thump of huge boulders as they bounded down the hillside. A landslide! A maddening thought swept across her mind. What if the tracks were buried? The passengers on the 8:30 Limited would be hurled to Eternity! The awfulness of that train of people bearing down toward the landslide to meet their fate nauseated her and she reeled, but immediately the stern realization that she alone could save them fired her to action. Her nervous fingers sought her oilskins. She drew on her hipboots with quivering haste; pulled a fisherman's hat down upon her head; seized the lighted lantern and rushed out into the mad incessant cloudburst, heedless of any personal danger. She reeled before the terrific onslaught of the storm, but stopped only to steady herself and regain force to plod onward. A sharp silver streak shot out of the sky, revealing for but a moment a cavernous hole in the hillside. Her mind was merely a canvas for the awful picture of endangered Mankind. Instinctively she headed for the Pirate Stairs. She actually skidded down the hundreds of rain-greased, level rocks to the foot of the hill, beside the coast. Every moment the rolling sea roared and groaned with rising anger. At times it almost seemed as tho the sea were aiming to upheave the very barrier of hills. Finally she set foot on the coast. Her worst fears were realized. Nothing could be seen but a chaotic mass of giant trees and earth. The Limited would soon be due on the other side of this newly formed hill! Her only alternative was to venture around the slide, thru the originally shallow water along the beach which was now converted into high-tossing breakers that growled fiercely as they lashed the rock-bound coast. In small things she had never vacillated. Now she plunged fearlessly into the tossing waters. The under-current "plunged and veered" at her none too robust body, but her implacable courage was a perfect substitute, and she pushed onward contending with this infuriated monster; holding her lantern barely out of reach of the mad sea's slashing tongue. An almost unbearable pressure was weighing on every side of her steadily weakening body, but nothing could destroy her indomitable spirit. Suddenly thru the dark heavy rain, shot the electric fire of the sky, revealing the long-sought railroad tracks. With ever-failing strength she drew her weary body up the rocky bank. There she fell upon her knees and silently prayed. But the hardest task of all was now before her. She posted herself some feet down the track with her back to the landslide.

Now Faith had reached the point of her venture. Could she hold the post? Time began to weigh heavily upon her, and to Faith the thunder was incessant, the earth unquenchable, the sea a volcano of hissing foam, and the wind an overpowering drug to seep her spirit with sleep. Soon, even the welcome but faint cry of the buoys failed

to pierce the bellowing strife. Suddenly Faith's reason was utterly destroyed by her powerful imagination and she saw a gigantic Cyclops spring from the dark-enveloped earth, and as tho seeking revenge he bore down upon her. Nearer and nearer he strode and at every step he bellowed his protest until the very hills reverberated with the monstrous force of his cries. His magic-invested eye was a broiling lake of fire that seemed to be drowning the leaping tongues of so many minor demons. Desperately she clung to her lone lantern, for it was to her now a tiny, flaming shield, a last means of defense against this towering monster. Yet somewhere, out of the seeming impenetrable darkness, shone Grandfather's smiling face with inspiring approval. She groped thru the enveloping darkness seeking him, and finally she found him. Faith embraced the little old man until the smoldering embers of her fiery passion died away and she sank upon the wet earth into "the sleep that knows no waking."

* * *

Faith could not know that the single eye of the Cyclops was but the headlight of the Limited nor that his cry was but the long-drawn whistle of the approaching express, nor that she had saved the lives of her fellow-men by sacrificing with that "last full measure of devotion." Perhaps, I cannot say, she knows that her grandfather did embrace her in that last moment for he immediately followed her footsteps along the Eternal Pathway.

They are sleeping now, high up on the hillside, lulled by the gentle zephyrs wafted in by the Atlantic, but they are now immortal symbols to mankind of Love, Faith and Hope.

My Dear

By Henrietta Stern

"My dear, if you had ever seen him when I said 'No, Frank, I cannot marry you,' you would have pitied him, for his love for me was written so plainly on his pained face. I'm afraid I hurt his feelings."

"Are you sure he proposed to you, Adeline?"

"My dear, I tell you every bit of the truth, nothing more, nothing less. Why do you ask me such a question?"

"Oh because, that's all. Do you care much for Frank?"

"I could never treat him other than as a big brother, my dear, but I could never marry him."

"I guess you couldn't."

"My dear, what do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"My dear, why do you say things that mean nothing."

"Because."

"My dear, you exasperate me beyond expression. By the by, please don't mention it to Frank that I told you he had proposed to me. He might think it indelicate on my part."

"Catty, in other words. I won't say anything. When was it, did you say?"

"My dear, I told you explicitly that it happened last night. Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, just because."

"My dear, you frazzle my nerves by evading my questions."

"Well, I'll be going. Now you come see me. You know, I'm married now."

"My dear, why didn't you tell me before. Who is it?"

"You play Sherlock Holmes. It was last week and so romantic! almost an elopement."

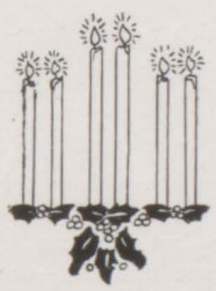
"My dear, you know I'm fearfully stupid at detective work. Please tell me who it is?"

"Well, I was with my husband every second last week up till just an hour ago. We just got back from Niagara Falls."

"My dear, that doesn't help me in the least. Whom did you marry?"

"Frank."

"My deeeeeer!"



What Not to Write for the Optimist

By Hulda Goeller

I. The Melodrama.

There is one good old-fashioned theme that seems never to grow old. It has been passed down the ages from the earliest times; its first publication was probably on a walrus-tooth, and its latest in some ten-cent horror, where it is hailed as an original masterpiece from a new genius.

In this old favorite, the only son leaves the family circle and goes to the Big City to make his fortune. After a hard struggle, Fortune smiles on him, and pours forth riches at his feet. He returns to the Old Homestead, pays the mortgage, foils the villain, marries the angelic orphan whom his family has adopted during his absence, receives the parental blessing, and is finally made Mayor of the Old Home Town. For variations refer to Horatio Alger.

The relationship may be a little vague, but I will list the Moral Stories here. For these choose any vice or crime you wish, from smoking to murder; spread it on thick, and make the hero finally repent in the superlative degree. I leave the details to your more fertile imagination. Augusta Evans Wilson's "St. Elmo" is a perfect example of this kind.

2. The Dream.

This type of story is especially good for beginners, because, as soon as ideas cease to flow, it may be finished off neatly, and the more suddenly the better. Its variations are limitless. No more useless way to waste time—spare or otherwise—can be found to surpass the making of a list of possible subjects. It has cross-word puzzles beaten all hollow for sheer worthlessness. I make no attempt to even start such a list, the following two forms being even less than a drop in the ocean.

First. In which the hero makes a trip to some planet, a period of time past, or a period in the future, and meets with strange and wonderful adventures, and often with historic personages, who usually turn out to be quite as common as any lesser being.

Second. In which a schoolboy—a boy, never a girl—who is not appreciated by his teachers, finally turns, like the proverbial worm, and proves how wonderful he really is. The teachers realize how mistaken they were, and make amends by never presenting him with anything less than a nine.

Needless to say—but still I say it for the benefit of the ignorant minority—the alarm-clock goes off, or a bell rings, or some one rudely awakens the dreamer by more violent measures.

Under this classification come also the "trick ending" stories. In these the conclusion is slightly different, for, instead of the dream ending, the idiot is led away by the warder, or one finds out that the story is not about that which it appears to be. Care must be taken that the tale creates a strong feeling of disgust in the reader, or your literary efforts are worthless.

3. The Young Violinist

This story always begins with the Italian equivalent for John Smith selling either oranges or newspapers in a small Italian village. He finds a violin in the attic of his home, and tries to play on it. The old fiddler next door offers to give him lessons, and the pupil practises so diligently that within three weeks he outstrips his master. One night, while he is playing one of his own improvisations, the great musician from Rome, who is stopping at the village for rest and quiet, hears him, hails him as a genius, and takes him to the city. In a week or so he makes his debut, and a rich American theatrical manager promises that if he will come with him to New York, his fortune will be made. That is done, and the young genius is famous and rich. From that point the tale branches out. John Smith, because he is a good boy, may send for his family, his sweetheart and all her relatives, and all live happily together ever after. Or again, being a bad boy, having stolen the old fiddler's pet hen, he may be captured and imprisoned for life, thus having his career ruined and his life wrecked.

This story has great possibilities that have never been used. The following variations are worthy of notice.

First. In which he is successful. Dwell upon the effect his incessant practising has on the neighbors, and give a detailed description of the fete held celebrating his departure on a world tour, and their prospective peace.

Second. In which he is also successful, altho in a different line. No great artist discovers him, but the neighbors, to show their disapproval of his nightly performances, throw whatever is handiest in his general direction. Realizing that his playing has started him on the high-road to wealth, John collects the donations and opens a second-hand store. As the new stock which he receives every night is gratis, the business is clear profit, and as the former owners quite frequently come for their departed goods, he does not lack customers. As a pleasant change from the usual ending, one might have him die from the after-effects of too sudden prosperity.

Sonnet on Graduation

(Apologies to Mr. Milton)

By Ruth Govier

When I consider how my days were spent
Full fifteen terms in this great school and wide,
And that one brain cell, which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, tho my mind more bent
To go to every party and present
My new dress suit, lest She my failing, chide.
"Do teachers ask day-labor, brains denied?"
I fondly ask, but teacher to prevent
That murmur soon replies, "We do not need
Either your work or marks you get. Who best
Can do their work, they serve us best. Our state
Is kingly, pupils at our bidding speed
And post o'er hall and class room without rest.
They merely flunk who only stand and wait."

Cogitations of a Cookoo

or

THOUGHTS OF A SENIOR ON THE OPTIMIST BOARD

By Joseph Gorewitz

One night I thought a thought but alas! I only thought I thought a thought.

This isn't a tongue twister but a sad fact (horrendum auditu, as our friend Virgil would have said). According to Helmholtz, the Germań physicist, thought travels at the rate of 111 feet per second. If it does it must be traveling in the negative direction. In other words multiply 111 feet by 18,000 and the result equals the distance between myself and thought. Well, I don't have to go to school until 8 A.M., that leaves me six hours to get some ideas.— — — — indicates thinking or result of thinking. Perhaps I could pass a wise crack about a teacher that would be sure to make a hit with the students, besides Doctor Austin said at the meeting since we're getting out of school this term (I fervently hope so) we would be allowed a little more rope in using teacher's names. But methinks that the Senior Optimist is coming out before the final exams. In other words give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself. So I guess teachers' names are taboo. However, I sure would like to give a vote of thanks to the teachers who when in doubt give the pupil the benefit of the doubt. It is rather discouraging to be marked down for having a period upside down. Well this isn't getting me any nearer to my thousand words. How's this for an idea? Reverse the first initials of a Senior's name, turn Max Cohen into Cax Mohen, etc. On the second consideration that's not dignified enough for a dignified (?) paper of dignified (?) seniors. Well, perhaps I could have the senior A, B, C such as B stands for Bleick who sure has brains, etc. Gee: from the way I'm picking up dusty ideas my head must be a vacuum cleaner. How would this be for a story?

You Never Can Tell

Two fellows were working in a bank. One of them was a big, husky brute, the other was a timid, sly, shrinking fellow. The husky fellow is continually saying, "This is a tiresome life." Oh, he's going out to explore the plains of China, or he intends to enter Phassa. He won't be satisfied till he stops a revolution in Mexico or has a hand to hand fight with the brigands of Albania. What's the use of living without excitement? No siree, not for him; as soon as he gets enough money he's going to leave the United States. The timid fellow, of course, idolizes this husky fellow who wants to explore the plains of China and the timid fellow is continually saying, "I wish I were as brave as you." One day as this husky fellow who isn't going to be satisfied till he has a hand to hand fight with the brigands of Albania and the timid fellow who idolizes him were seated on their stools when lo and behold who entered but two villainous villains looking like Rudolph. They pulled out two gats and "Up with your hands." they said. Now let it be known that within reach of the big husky fellow, who intended to enter Phassa, and within the reach of the timid fellow who idolized the big, husky fellow was a button by which they could summon aid. Who would

risk death to save the hard-earned money of the poor working man, this big, husky fellow who wanted to explore the plains of China, who intended to enter Phassa, who wouldn't be satisfied till he stops a revolution in Mexico or have a hand to hand fight with the brigands of Albania, or this timid fellow who idolized this big, husky fellow. Who? Work out your own conclusion. Well, the story would be unique, the eternal feminine would be missing. It might even be accepted by THE OPTIMIST. You never can tell!

What I would like to write is a play with the whole senior class in it. I'd put Sam Wilder in it because you can't keep him out, and Werner Lederer would be the hero so the play would be accepted, but I think Jack Feldmann would be a more popular hero with the girls. I guess a play with my own home room in it would be better. I can't put Moskowitz in it, he'd make a solo out of it. "Red" Cohen would shed a little light on it. Frank Martin would be the comedian. He's a natural born comedian. I hope he doesn't think I'm referring to his features. What part would I give to Hyman Gottfried? He's a fellow with determination; give him something to do and he'll do it. Will Phillipson would be the villain (he collects class dues). Rubin Poleshuck would make a nifty hero. He's the only senior who looks like a senior (dignified, that is). I've forgotten the girls again tho. It isn't easy to forget the girls in 210, you can't help hearing them anyway. Who'll be the heroine, Sylvia, Martha, Alice, "Dot," Nea, Myra, Ray. Who? the owl answers Who. I don't think I'll write a play with a heroine, I value my life too much. I know a few fellows who would underline the too heavily. Perhaps I could pun a few of the seniors' names, something like this.

Still I haven't any decent ideas yet. It must have been in these trying circumstances that Irving Berlin wrote "What'll I Do?" However, in the case of the SENIOR OPTIMIST it's "Who'll I Do?" Here's hoping nobody roasts me. Let me take an inventory of what I have accomplished thus far.

One story—0
Two plays—0
A novel idea—0
One old idea—0
Jokes—0
Puns—0
—
Grand total—0

I ought to be able to accomplish forty-three (43) times as much in two hundred and fifteen hours (215). If I don't get any more ideas than I have then I won't have any ideas. But wait, an idea approaches me. It falls upon me before I can ward it off. Have you ever heard of some guys by the name of Shelley and Keats, bums who wrote poetry? Apparently they wrote poetry without the help of a riming dictionary. Well, I'm going down to the library and get a good rhyming dictionary and I ought to beat those guys all hollow.

Tomorrow night 3 A.M.

Poetry

(I hope nobody thinks that I'm putting down poetry so that they'll recognize that it is poetry).
One night tho it was cold
(cold, gold, mold, told—ah I have it!)
I decided to go to school feeling bold
No matter how much the teacher would scold
I, as Napoleon, my arms would fold.
(Something from within warns me)
Students shall gaze upon my manly brow
(brow, tow, mow, endow, here it is)
And ask how does he do it—how?
For I do not believe as a brainless cow
A student in servitude to a teacher bow.
(My intention is saying something)
Seething thoughts in my brain lurk
(lurk, dirk, smirk—ah, found at last)
I shall not leadership shirk
To throw off the yoke of unjust homework
That the student shall be as free as the Turk.
(Finis)

Here is what my intuition has been radioing: "Be sure to send in the poem anonymously, it's a great deal safer; it's too expensive to put bloodhounds on the track of every bane of humanity.

THE GRANTED WISH

By HENRIETTA STERN

There were three men sat on a hill
A-doing nothing but sit still,
And, lo to them doth come an elf
To grant a wish—each man for 'mself.
The first for wealth, for pow'r, for fame
Doth wish. The second—youth, a name
In court. The third arose to claim:
"I wish just as I am to be,
For were I not I'd not be me."
The elfin smiles a wise man's smile
And seats himself upon a stile:
"I grant to you the third in line—
The wish you wish, you know, is mine—
To be yourself, yourself alone
You'll put yourself upon a throne."

The Rime of an Ancient Senior

(With Apologies to Samuel T. Coleridge)

By Leonora Gross.

I.

It is an ancient Senior,
And he stoppeth one of eight,
"By thy long grey pants with baggy knees,
Why stoppeth thou me at the gate?"

II.

The doors of the gym are opened wide,
And I'm invited in;
The 4 B Social is going on
May'st hear the merry din!

III.

He grasps him by his arm so fast,
The poor boy must stand still,
And listen like a silly child,
The Senior hath his will.

IV.

It was a Monday morning
(I can forget it not)
When pretty Sal, my little pal,
Asked me this class to cut.

V.

And so we went together,
Out of the school walked we.
Without a thought, ice-cream we bought
At the corner pharmacy.

VI.

At length the clerk, he went to work,
Cream on the counter came,
As if it were the finest fare,
We hailed it in Jove's name.

VII.

We ate the food, as if we ne'er had eat,
And full and full we grew,
The ice went down without a frown,
Finally we were thru.

VIII.

I then did pay, what he did say,
And merrily we went back,
As carefree as a wooden train
Upon a wooden track.

IX.

What was it in the hall we saw?
At first it seemed a spot,
It grew and grew until we knew
Joy it foreboded not.

X.

With staring eye, with mouth agape,
We could nor laugh nor cry,
No more than if we had our mouth,
Filled with delicious pie.

XI.

I pinched my arm, I bit my lip,
Did not know what to do.
I was amazed, I was so dazed,
And Sally felt so, too.

XII.

Then said a voice with a calm poise:
"Yourself only, you fool."
This was our fate: Room 108
Was to hold us after school.

XIII.

Not for one day, not for two days,
But for a weary week.
Th'end of this time you may divine
Found us remark'bly meek.

XIV.

What so great din comes from within!
The dancing seemeth o'er,
The maidens gay, go all away,
The youths, too, leave the floor.

XV.

To all 4 B's and others, too,
This I do wish to say,
"Each tell your Sal, your pretty pal,
That 'cutting' does not pay."

XVI.

The ancient Senior leaveth him
Who's taught for little price;
And the poor 4 B hath learnt to see
The value of advice.

THE AUTUMN LEAF

By Henrietta Stern

An autumn leaf, all yellow, green, and red.
Why did God make it so gorgeous
When He's just going to put it to bed?

A Football Story

By Gottfried Moskowitz

"That'll be enough, first team," cried Coach Boswell, "everybody trot into the house." Coach Boswell of Newton wiped his sweaty face with his shirt sleeve, and slowly followed the weary players. It was the first day of practise, and as it was an exceptionally hot day, and as the players were extremely soft, the day had been a tiring one. The sixty-four boys who had reported for practise were naturally glad, therefore, to be allowed to stop for the day.

The first game, with Phillisburg, was to be played next Saturday. The team was practically picked, with the exception of right guard, for which two candidates, Blake and Johnson, were fighting. Johnson, altho having almost all the necessary qualities in skill, weight, and brains, lacked agressiveness. He was content to let his opponent do all the fighting. Consequently, Blake was finally scheduled to start the game, which was to be played at Newton's home grounds.

The team practised daily in preparation for Saturday's game. The team was developing strong offensive ability, but were wofully weak on the defensive. The backfield, composed of Stanton, fullback, Jamieson and Trask, halfbacks, and Anderson, quarterback, worked well together. But the line did not play as a unit. They could not repulse the enemy's line attacks. Therefore, Coach Boswell's plan was to score, and score quickly, and then endeavor to hold the lead.

Finally Saturday dawned, as it has a habit of doing. A large crowd was in the stand to watch the home team play its opening game. Phillisburg, however, had not come unsupported, and their followers were there "en masse," if noise was to be taken as an indication of numbers. The rival crowds each felt they could win the game for their team by cheering long and loudly, cheers thundered forth incessantly.

The game started promptly at 2:30. Newton won the toss, and elected to receive the kick-off, while Phillisburg decided to defend the east goal. The visiting center kicked off to Anderson who immediately distinguished himself by running the ball back twenty yards before he was downed. Then began one of those brilliant marches down the field which appeared as if it must surely end in a touchdown. However, with the ball down on Phillisburg's 35-yard line, tragedy occurred. Lawson, Phillisburg left guard, playing opposite Blake, who had started the game at right guard, broke thru him, and stopped the play for a six yard loss. Blake had been playing too high, so that he was hurled aside by Lawson, and put out of the play. Blake had fallen in such a position that he had doubled his left leg underneath himself, and had consequently twisted his ankle. He had to be carried from the field amid the groans of the Newton supporters.

Of course, Johnson was rushed in to take Blake's position. Coach Boswell, looking glum and gloomy, had said nothing but "Play hard, Johnson, do your best." He ran on the field amid cheers for Blake, and one for himself. It rather thrilled him to hear his name on the end of a Newton yell.

He grinned cheerily at his opponent, settled into his place at the right of center, and listened for the signals. When the ball was passed, he lunged at his opponent, endeavoring to block him off. But his particular adversary was a wary one. He quickly thrust one arm under Johnson's armpit, his other on the side of his neck, and pushed him aside. He then quickly ran in, and upset Anderson in his tracks. Anderson, when he could, scrambled to his feet, set the ball down, and rushed to Johnson's side. "For the love of mud, Johnson, get in there, and hold him." He clapped him encouragingly on the back, and retreated to his position. The next down Lawson was less successful in upsetting the play. But since he was not blocked off by Johnson, Stanton, carrying the ball thru right guard, was stopped short for a gain of only one yard. Newton could not hope to gain by this slow method, so they attempted to open up. A forward to left end gained seven, another to right end made it first down, and Newton was on Phillisburg's 25-yard line. Johnson's opponent was becoming more savage with every down. His failure to break thru enraged him, and made him see red. The next play was again a plunge thru right guard. Lawson, endeavoring to hurl Johnson aside, temporarily lost his head. Under cover of the confusion, he brought up his knee, and quickly kicked Johnson in the stomach. Johnson sank to the ground in a faint.

When he recovered, his fellow players were bending over him anxiously. "How d'ye feel, now?" queried Jamieson, "can yuh finish the game?" "Yes, I guess I can. Help me up, fellas. Say, did the ump see that foul?" "No, he was too busy," answered Trask. "Are you going to report him to the referee? You don't want to

play the sneak." "No," answered Johnson, "I'll fix that fellar myself. Just watch me." There was a new light in his eyes; his face expressed grim determination. As he faced Lawson, now thoroly frightened, he said, in a low voice, "Don't worry, I won't squeal. Watch out for yourself." On the first play Stanton tore thru Johnson's position for 15 yards and a first down. Phillisburg was on the run now. It seemed as if nothing could stop the Newton machine. Anderson shot thru the line for seven yards, Trask for four, and Stanton scored the touchdown. Phillisburg was thoroly demoralized now, while Newton was correspondingly encouraged. In a few minutes, they scored another touchdown. Johnson broke thru the line, blocked an attempted punt and as the ball rolled over the goal line, fell on it for a touchdown.

Johnson was playing now as he had never played before. He was putting his whole spirit into his playing. Time and again, large gains were made thru his position, mainly because of his fine blocking. It was a complete and pleasant surprize to the coach and players.

The game ended in Newton's favor, of course, 39—0, the largest score which had ever decided a game between the two rivals. In the clubhouse, Coach Boswell said happily to Johnson, "How about it, Johnson, are you going to keep it up?" And Johnson answered quickly, "You bet, coach, just watch me."

APOLOGIES TO ———

By Henrietta Stern

He passeth best who worketh best
All homework great and small
For the dear prof who worketh us—
He marks and worketh all.

Twinkle, twinkle little nine!
How I would that you were mine,
'Way up in the marks so high
Like a tadpole in the sky.

O wad some photographs the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ourselves see us
It wad from mony a worry free us
An' foolish notion:
That we should look like *that,* we, us—
A pois'nous potion.

But as he stumbled and stopped, in his halting and uncertain language
Quite unprepared his lesson, and full of the work of his neighbor,
Crossly the teacher smirked, and with eyes just flashing with anger
Said in a most cutting voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Alone, alone, all, all alone
Alone in one oh eight
Alone, alone, all, all alone
And I was only a little late.

A THRILL

By Jacob Govendo

I.

Fourth down—two yards to go—
And only one minute to play;
And only a touchdown will help
With the goal twelve yards away.

II.

A sudden lull where the thousands sit
As the fullback takes the ball,
Then seventy thousand pulses jump
As the two lines crash—and fall.

III.

Maybe he made it—maybe not—
But the raw nerves writhe and flinch,
As the linesman comes with the measuring rod
Where the game may hang on an inch.

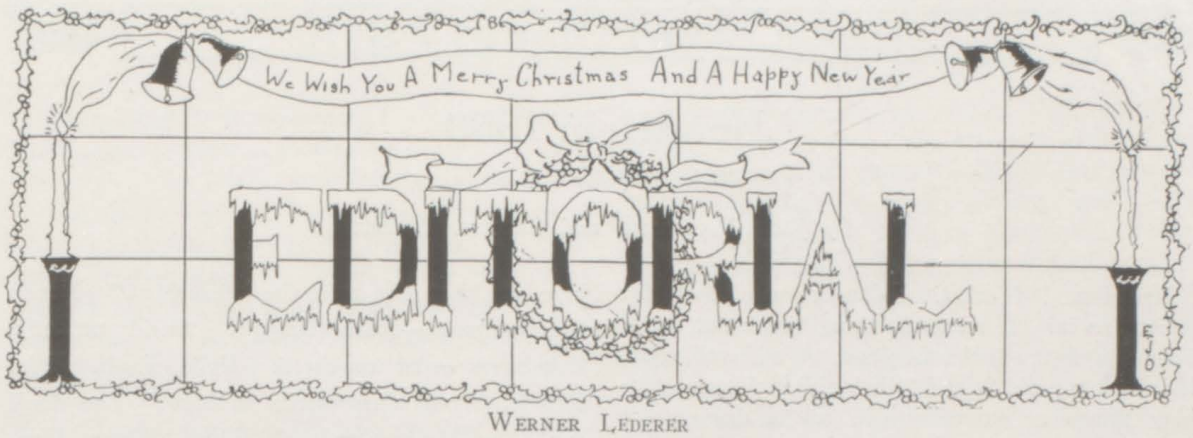
IV.

And the old grads peer with startled eyes
As fluttering heart drums beat,
Where only an inch of good-green turf
Means victory or defeat.





CLASS OF JANUARY 1925



WERNER LEDERER

In High School magazines the Senior editorial ordinarily discusses the regrets and hopes of the graduating class. This term, however, we shall deviate somewhat from the usual custom. We shall endeavor to show how our four years at South Side were valuable to us for other reasons than the knowledge we derived from books. But before we continue, we wish to express our gratitude to those teachers who always tried to help us, even tho we were often stubborn and thought we knew it all. We are especially indebted to Dr. Kennedy, our principal, and to Mr. Myers, our class adviser, who have greatly aided us to bring our school career to a successful close.

Whether we go to college or not after graduation, we all want to succeed in life. By this time, however, we should realize that in addition to ability, integrity, and personality, we must possess certain other qualities to achieve success. One cannot acquire these traits too soon, and we acquired, or should have acquired them, during our high school training. We shall consider only a few of these qualities. One of the most essential of these is constancy to purpose, or what is familiarly known as stick-to-it-tiveness. This was continually impressed upon us thruout our school career, sometimes rather forcefully. Without this trait we could not have passed our subjects, and consequently could not now be Seniors. To be sure, at times many of us were discouraged and felt like giving up. However, altho most of us frequently condemned school, probably every one of us is now glad that he didn't quit. We feel certain that those who participated in athletics and other school activities will corroborate us in what we have just said. Furthermore, who always wants to do something that is easy?

Another important requisite to success is cooperation. We soon learned that this was indispensable to support our athletic teams and other activities. Only recently the need for working in unison was emphatically demonstrated to the Seniors. For a time because of lack of cooperation on the part of some, we were not at all sure of having a Senior Optimist, and it was not until the Seniors realized the seriousness of the situation that the publication of this number was assured. Let us hope that this class and future classes may profit by this lesson.

While at South Side, we should also have learned to take advantage of every opportunity offered. Altho many were wideawake participants in the doings of the school, a large percentage was absolutely inert. To be successful one must always be on the alert to grasp an opportunity and we hope that our classmates, especially those who have not been active heretofore, will remember this later.

Altho it has no direct bearing on our topic, we believe that another factor should also be discussed. We refer to the subject of friendship between classmates. We all know how fine but rare a true friendship is, yet how few of us ever try to cultivate friendships! Usually when a class graduates, its members scatter and the bonds of attachment are soon broken. Take your own case as an example. With how many of your classmates in grammar school do you still keep in contact? Probably very few. Of course, it is almost impossible even to know every one in a class of over a hundred students, but we should endeavor to be intimate with as many of our classmates as possible.

We have but one thing more to say and with this we shall leave you. For years South Side has had an enviable reputation for the high standing, scholastic and otherwise, of its graduates. Wherever they have gone, they have distinguished themselves. We, also, shall try to be loyal to South Side traditions, and carry on. Others have blazed the trail, and, equipped with the training we have received here, we shall endeavor to uphold the high standards which our predecessors have established, and to take our places in the world as honest and capable citizens, of which our Alma Mater may well be proud.

With this aim, dear school and teachers, the Class of January 1925 bids you farewell.

Newark in 1950

(Apologies to Jolly Bill Steinke)

By Jack Feldmann and Samuel Wilder

Broad and Market. Wonder who that fat policeman is? The one directing traffic out there. Face and figure looks familiar. Well, well, well, if it isn't my old friend "Shrinck" Holzman, running things as smoothly (?) as he did on the football team in '24. How's the boy, Sam?

Here come Mr. and Mrs. Wilder. The Mrs. is Frances Bochner. They say she was considered the cutest "kid" in the graduating class (a quarter for that Frances). Lucky (?) boy is Sam. He must be telling a joke. *He* is laughing so hard.

There goes a big truck. Belongs to the Bleick Chemical Works. Bleick sure did profit by his chemical experience in South Side. Discovered the commercial method of making calcium hydrobromic fluorite combine with potassium acid thiosulphate! Clever boy to figure that out. Selling it to the public under the trade name of "Mummy Oil." Of course that was "Big Boy" Schwartz, driving that truck. Phil got his experience in driving at South Side. Yes, he used to take out the girls in his *brother's* car.

Hello, girls! Evelyn Ahrendt and Pearl Solomon. Editors of the new paper, "The Society Scandal." Motto of this periodical is "At every line a reputation dies." Do you say that Fred Ross, Dorothy Sachs, and Lawrence Rosenbaum, are the vocal jazz trio of the Pair-O-Dice Orchestra? Well, they ought to be good. They sure *can* make a lot of noise. By the way, George Schenckel is the leader and violinist of that orchestra. Isn't he?

Speak of the devil and he always appears. Here comes George with the rest of the Pair-O-Dice Orchestra. How are you, boys? Yes, the boys are Sidney Bruck, who plays the "crying piccolo," Isadore Schechner, "the laughing bassoon," David Wosnitzer, "oboe," and Nathan Greenberg, "the wailing flute." A feature of this orchestra is Herman Spector's playing of the "speaking saxophone." "Spec" is some boy. Can he make the old "sax" talk in three languages and swear in seven? Can a duck swim?

* * * * *

Frey's Sunnyside Cafeteria. Art Frey, proprietor. Of course that's Art. Yes, the one taking in the kale. Do you think he'd trust a cashier? Didn't he serve in that capacity in the South Side lunch room in '24? Some joint, this. Only South Side alumnae work here. Artie's motto here is, "Let the price be unconfined." Here's the waitress,—Ruth Briggs! She'd make a Dutchman order spaghetti. Hello, Ruth. Who else from our class works in here? You don't say! So Molly Garfinkel, Edna Meister, Henrietta Stern, and Leah Farbstein are also waitresses. Just saw Beulah Van Volkenburgh and Estelle Fischer. Yes, they are the cooks of this hash house, and are looking out of the kitchen window. Estelle sure bakes a *mean* cake. She oughta know how. Her pop owned a bakery. One day she baked a 150-pound strawberry shortcake, so her husband, Alex Permison, the piano mover says. Well, instead of taking a brace and bit and boring out the strawberries, Alex ate a piece of the cake. He wanted to stay in solid with the old lady. Yes, the more he ate the *solider* he stood.

Here come Andy Ramaglia, Jerome Goldstein, Art McNickle, and Milt Muntrick in here to eat. Professional ball players on the "Newark Hares." They just got thru arguing with Sam Lomachinsky, Frank Martin, and Gottfried Moskowitz of the Championship Ma Jongg team, about how they would have won the last South Side-Barringer tussle. They *talk* a good game of football. I see signs all around this joint about the coming election. Donald Wild is running for Mayor of North Newark. He ought to win if he votes for himself. Don't fear—Donald won't get Wilder after the election. Charlotte Schwab, the only logical candidate for chairlady of the department of Whys and Hows? That's what her campaign manager, Allene Crane, is trying to tell the public. Samuel Weintraub and Morris Feinberg ought to make good dog catchers. So Jack Feldmann's running for the Janitorial office in the City Hall. Promises to drive out corruption and graft! Surprizing to say the least. Remember, he used to collect the money at the auto gate at the football games.

Here boy! Copy of Newark Chews. Werner Lederer, editor and publisher. Sylvia Landau assistant editor. Well, I always said they would amount to something. Can I believe my eyes? Harry Kuskin writing Advice to the Lovelorn! An advertisement for a South Side Reunion! It's at Norman Greenfield's studio. Yes, Norman

is a renowned "artiste-de-luxor." Admission free. That ought to draw a crowd.

* * * * *

Greenfield's studio. *Some* joint. There's Norman. Surrounded by a flock of models. No place for a married man. Greenfield is the creator of many wonderful pictures. "Buy that school girl complexion," "The Dying Bootleggers," and "Why men leave home" are a few of his greatest productions. Can you imagine? All the models were South Siders. There they are. In the corner talking to Norman. Nea Norton, Alice Swanson, and Jeanette Wehler posed for the first artistic masterpiece (?). Max Langburg, Fred Helmer, Fred Manger, and Joseph Morris were the bootleggers. Not a bad choice at that. Could you blame a man for leaving his home? Not when he sees Yetta Weisman, "Dot" Murray, Belle Cohen, and Clara Dornbusch. How are you, Sunnysiders? Quite a celebrated conglomeration of journalists over in that crowd. Got good (?) experience on THE OPTIMIST staff. Hello, Hulda. That was Hulda Goeller. Talking to Ruth Govier. Yes, they are the editors of the "Sob Stuff" Poetry magazine. The Mildreds are their assistants. Which ones? Mildred Rebenfeld and Mildred Kingsland of course.

Leonora Gross, chemistry "wizardess," is talking to a group of scientists. Modest girl. Just wrote a treatise on "Why is H20?" Did I mention scientists? Morris Willsky, Arthur Filicanevo, Gustave Kestenbaum, and Julius Picarsky were the ones listening to Miss Gross. Scientists of no mean note. Discovered that new perfume, "Ashes of Vengeance." Very pleasing odor. Formula has just been announced: Carbon Disulphide and Hydrogen Sulphide ($CS^2 \times H^2S$).

Classy reunion. Entertainment is being given. First number is a cymbal solo. Harold Graber, world famous cymbalist performed. Accompanied *on the piano* by his assistants, Ray Goldberg and Freda Paster. Some harmony! Accompanied *out of door* by Uslander, Gottfried, Kimmel, and Hymowitz. They are the attendants at the famous "Nut Factory" in Overbrook. Here come some more of our old friends. Disguised as business and professional men and women. Will deliver short talks. Hello, Doré Cohen. "Louie" Bamberger's junior partner. *Some* speaker and *some* topic. "If honesty in business is the best policy, then that policy has long expired." Abraham Halprin and Sid Kabel (frankfurters by the foot or yard—Advt.) are speaking. Explaining the new expression, "It's a Baloney." Very helpful in the sausage business, they say. Well, well, well, William Phillipson, Rubin Poleshuck, and Lenore Hahn are lawyers. Yes, three of Newark's ten thousand. Talk about "Great Future for Lawyers—in Japan." The last address. "Phil" Fierstein and Harold Epstein spoke about their new picture. Owners of Phoolish Philms Ink movie studios. The picture is "I'll come to you my love, when South Side beats Barringer." "My love" will have *some* wait. Can water flow uphill? Will the moon ever shine green? Here's the cast. Trooping out on the platform. South Side grads of '25. Here's how they line up:

Hero, Herman Tillis; villain, Harold Millward; heroine, Celia Priester; football hero, Louis Levy; sick mother, Myra Heller; baby, Emma Mitchell; vampire, Naomi Waldo. No more addresses. Some relief. What's this new torture on the stage? The world famous "Neid Sympathy" Orchestra will entertain (?), Lilian Rittenband, conducting. Is it the audience or the orchestra that will need the sympathy, I wonder? What marvelous selections! The 3rd sympathy from "Pity" by Offthe Handel, and that stirring martial air "To the Rear" by Back. What an orchestra! Here they are:

Victrolas—Clothilda Parker, Marylouise Heeb, Helen Puth, Anna Reynolds.

Kazoos—Anna Halprin, Marthé Goldberg.

Jews Harps—Edna Hirschberg, Frances Irwin.

Whistle—Ben Rosinsky, Edward Schwartz, Joseph Shifman.

Ukalilly—Lucille Strauss, Molly Wenger, Lois Brown.

Vocalists—Souprano: Anna Sissman, Mildred Kaelberer, Florence Schachter. Tenor: Julius Stark. Rot Tenor: Flora Mandelbaum. First Base: Harry Shpiner.

Remember "Perp?" Yes, of course. I mean Joseph Gorewitz, the chess prodigy (?). Appeared between the songs with Hyman Gottfried. Endeavored to explain the solution of chess problem No. 19983¼. Too bad. Had to be removed with a little violence. Orchestra responded with "End of a perfect fray." That reminds me. Barringer 40—S. S. 0. More sympathy "Lil."

That ended the entertainment. *Gracias a Dios,* as Firpo says. Well, well, if it isn't "Jake" Govendo serving refreshments! Jake is following his father's footsteps. "Cools many a fevered brow." Here's for home. Sorry Maxes. Come on "Rob," let's go. That was Max Appel and Max Cohen. Can't ride in their cabs all the time. (They drive Luxors). Caspar must make a living too. (He drives a 10-cent-a-miler). Fifteen minutes up—see you next term. (I hope *not*).

SENIORS IN 19-?

By Estelle H. Fischer



One look and we're convinced that it's ARTIE Mc NICKLE



Of course we know this is MILT MUNTRICH and—?



This sweet, petite School-ma'am is BELLE COHEN



Debby Sachs "Nuf Sed"



JAKE GOVENDO reading up the latest SCANDALS

Class Will

We, the class of January 1925, soon to bid farewell to this noble institution, do hereby conceive and sign this will and solemn declaration, as an official document, to go into immediate effect upon our departure. We graciously bequeath the following items to our successors:—

Article I. We leave, with sincerest wishes, our Alma Mater, and our principal, Dr. Thomas F. Kennedy, who, during our four years at South Side has ever been our guide and worthy adviser.

Article II. We bequeath, to our coming successors, our esteemed faculty which has striven (results?) to make us more useful and intelligent citizens.

Article III. We bequeath, with great regret, our beloved faculty adviser, Mr. Myers, whose efforts for our class we do deeply appreciate.

Article IV. Of keen note is our bequest of The Optimist, which has fairly won its way into fame, and is, no doubt, the best school paper in the world. It is our hope that our followers will realize this fact, and will endeavor to keep established its superiority.

Article V. We do solemnly leave our thickly populated corridors, and our zigzag lunch line. Many a time will we think back to the days when we had to wend our weary way thru oncoming crowds.

Article VI. Our most precious jewels, namely: excuses, that we have used these past four years (more or less) do we also leave behind us, with the hope that they will not be practised on the same teachers that heretofore have heard them.

Article VII. We bestow the excellent beauties and the most fascinating mechanisms of wonder, of room 208 and room 209, to all those fortunate pupils of that rank.

Article VIII. To all those who have a desire for a *weighty* subject we leave the scales, both minor and major, of room 216.

Article IX. We gratefully bequeath the newly organized plan of our well beloved Dean, of the girls, Mrs. Poland, to be followed by the juniors and seniors, and to be profited by (we hope) the freshmen and sophomores. We hope that our successors will appreciate this idea, and that in time, our Alma Mater will rise to higher fame.

Article X. We leave to our followers this suggestion: to patronize the school lunch room, and not to partake of "hot dogs" and other "mysteries."

Article XI. To all those who show preference in going up-stairs on down-stairways, we leave some very stalwart and esteemed guards.

Article XII. To the eager freshmen, we leave the glorious events and the most unexpected trials, which are in store for them.

Article XIII. To the sophomores, we bequeath the joys, benefits, and horrors (mostly horrors) of the Office.

Article XIV. We leave to all anxious juniors the pleasures of physics and a joyous outlook for chemistry.

In regard to the aforementioned subjects, we leave to the entire third floor (and especially room 211) the odoriferous atmosphere that emanates from the significant gas-pipes of rooms 211 and 212 respectfully, and permeates all the surrounding area.

Article XV. To the next coming seniors we diligently bequeath the prospects of graduation, examinations, together with this invaluable advice, "Be sure to enter 4A with a full purse."

Article XVI. We leave to all our successors the grand and unexcelled sensation of being called, at a most unexpected moment, to room 108.

Article XVII. To any gentlemen who have ever thought of taking up careers as bachelors, or perhaps as hermits, we leave the beautiful odors that waft from room 203 in the dire hope that this will bring about, to them, a different view of life.

Article XVIII. With deep regret we leave our noted orchestra and Glee Club, with best wishes to the leader, Mr. Philip Gordon, of these important factors of the school.

Article XIX. To all those who, as yet, have not learned to get up in time to arrive at 8 A.M., we leave a brand new pencil, and a sheet of paper upon the office desk; with them, of course, come the after-joys.

Article XX. As a final bequest to our Alma Mater, we leave our fondest expression of gratitude, together with our records (both famous and otherwise) and our kindest regards.

This, concludes the bequests of the class of January, 1925, and we do hereby appoint Dr. Thomas F. Kennedy as our executor.

In *witness whereof,* we do sign this our last will and testament, on the tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand and nine hundred and twenty-four.

(Signed) ANNA F. SISSMAN,
Attorney-At-Law.

Witnesses:
MILDRED M. KINGSLAND.
MILDRED REBENFELD.

Well, Why Not?

By Joseph Gorewitz

"Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along," hummed Bill Bones (William to his mother) as he pondered ruefully over a mass of papers on his desk.

"If I don't find an idea, I'm going to get fired, that's a cinch. The Ed said, if we don't get any new stuff we'll walk the plank. I'll list material suitable for the "Senior Sunshine." No acrostics or old jokes. I wonder what the word plagiarize means. I asked Mr. Plott, the adviser of the "Sunshine" what was the matter with my jokes and he said somebody plagiarized them off me years ago and put them in some paper. Gee, it's a good thing for me that he doesn't read "High School Jokes," after the way he spoke about originality. Well, lemme see—a dandy story would be pretty good; I'd have my name on the top of the page. No, a poem's better. Something sad and lofty so everybody will know how idealistic and noble-minded I am. That'll make Violet sorry she cut me. I'll cut her then. She doesn't appreciate me. Besides, after the marks I've been getting in English, I'll have to hustle to pass. I guess if I show him what I really can do and write a poem he'll have to pass me." Thus spoke Bill.

The next day Bill went down to the library and took home with him a riming dictionary. He had already chosen a touching topic, "Oh, That I Could Stay, That I Could Stay." After a few hours of strenuous mental exertion, and after delving into the dictionary time and time again, he finally evolved this chef d'oeuvre:

O, That I Could Stay, That I Could Stay

My heart grows weary, my mind grows sad,
To think of leaving my alma mater drives me mad.
But creeping nearer and nearer is the departing day,
Oh, that I could stay, that I could stay.

How many times have I roamed your lofty hall
The sight of which will ever my heart enthrall,
But as I view the fateful day—
Oh, that I could stay, that I could stay.

The rending asunder of my many friends after
these many years,
Oh, how can I check these tears!
Oh, that I could stay, that I could stay.

And e'en tho I cannot stay,
For the fates have willed another way,
Your massive walls, your lofty spire
Will be the flecks of gold in life's stagnant mire.

Little did Bill know of the working of fates as he proudly admired his masterpiece.

The next day having laboriously typewritten his masterpiece by the one-finger method, he presented it to Mr. Plott.

"Well, we'll have to use it, I guess," said Mr. Plott after he read it. (For this was a time which tried the soul of the "Sunshine's" adviser. He simply had to fill up the space and the poem wasn't so terribly bad.)

Visions of himself and Bryant classified together entered Bill's mind. After all Bryant had only written a poem called Thanatopsis when he was just a little younger than Bill and besides a poem with a name like "Thanatopsis" couldn't be as good as his poem, he figured. Therein lies the tale. Bill thought that there was no use of his doing any more English homework. Why should he waste his time reading about other poets when he himself was a full-fledged poet?

The Senior "Sunshine" came out finally with his poem stuck in some corner. But for Bill there was nothing else in the paper. The English teacher, a man of culture, a critic of poetry, would probably say tomorrow, "We have in our class a budding poet I see—William Bones," and Bill would just sit there and smile modestly. But his English teacher evidently forgot to praise Bill or perhaps he had not yet read the poem. The concoctions of Bill's day-dreams which intoxicated him were not yet split. In a few more days were the English exams and even if he didn't pass it, the English teacher would undoubtedly pass him due to his poem. But alas! strange and devious is the working of a teacher's mind and Bill was told he was unable to graduate because he had not passed English.

"I'm going right down to see him. Where does he get off with that stuff, flunking me after the poem I wrote. Perhaps he didn't read it," angrily burst out Bill.

The teacher was looking over some marks when Bill entered.

"Mr. Peck," said Bill, in a tremulous voice that would melt the rocky Alps, "Didn't you make a mistake, you flunked me in English."

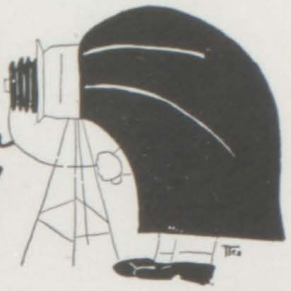
"Worst exam I've ever seen. Didn't I tell you not to come down about marks?"

"But, Mr. Peck, I thought poetical appreciation was the chief thing in our course and did you read my poem published in the Senior "Sunshine?" I'll bet a lot of other fellows couldn't write a poem like that."

Mr. Peck looked up. "Bones, I didn't find time to read the poem until after the examination. While I didn't want to flunk a senior, as I read the poem I thought it was my duty to keep you until you imbibe some poetical appreciation. Besides your plea to stay was so fervent that I thought, "Well, Why Not?"



SENIOR DIRECTORY



SENIOR DIRECTORY

EVELYN AHRENDT, *Chairman*

SYLVIA LANDAU — LILIAN RITTENBAND

DOROTHY SACHS



***Ahrendt, Evelyn** — **105 Rose Terrace**

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose.

Basketball '21; Hockey '23; Volley Ball '22; Vice-President German Club '22, '23; Optimist '23, '24; Senior Optimist; Optimist Medal; Honor Roll Medal.

General German — **Normal**

Appel, Max — **291 Hillside Avenue**

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

General — **N. J. College of Pharmacy**

***Bleick, Willard** — **22 Osborne Terrace**

He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.

Permanent Industrial Exposition Essay Contest; Honor Roll Medal; Executive Committee Senior Optimist; Senior Optimist.

Classical — **Stevens Inst. of Tech.**



Bochner, Frances — **558 South 18 Street**

Women were made before mirrors, and have been before them ever since.

Volley Ball '22.

General French — **N. J. College for Women**



Briggs, Ruth — **68 Treacy Avenue**

For to admire and for to see.

General — **Undecided**



Brown, Lois — **902 South 18 Street**

Her heart is as light as her heart is bright.

Glee Club '23; Twelfth Night; Representative G. O.

General — **Normal**



Bruck, Sidney — **533 South 17 Street**

The silence that is in the starry sky.

General — **N. J. Law**



Caspar, Robert — **381 Seymour Avenue**

Few words are wise men's counters.

General — **Undecided**



*Cohen, Belle — 234 Seymour Avenue

Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?

Hockey '22; 4A Senator; Senior Optimist.

General — **N. J. College for Women**

Cohen, Doré — **137 Hedden Terrace**

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

Class Baseball '21.

General Spanish — **Business**

Cohen, Max — **11-13 Demarest Street**

A red-headed bachelor was never known.

Baseball '24; Class Baseball.

Classical — **Undecided**

Crane, Allene B. — **852 South 15 Street**

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

General — **Secretarial School**

Dornbusch, Clara — **198 Ridgewood Avenue**

The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books.

Hockey '21, '22, '23, '24.

Classical — **Normal**



Epstein, Harold — **212 Runyon Street**

There's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness.

Classical — **N. J. Law**



***Farbstein, Leah (3½ Yr. Student)**
279 Ridgewood Avenue

Born for success she seemed.

Hockey '23; Orchestra '22, '23, '24; Optimist '24; Senior Optimist.

Classical — **Columbia**



Feinberg, Morris — **115 Prince Street**

Oh, the fetterless mind! How it wandereth free
Thru the wildering maze of eternity.

Classical — **N. J. Law**



***Feldmann, Jack** — **132 Osborne Terrace**

Self-respect, self-knowledge, self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Assistant Manager Football '23; Manager Football '24; Class Baseball '21; Assistant Manager Baseball '24; President 4A Class; Optimist '23, '24; Chairman School News Board '24; Senior Optimist; Optimist Medal; Honor Roll Medal.

General Spanish — **Rutgers**



Fierstein, Philip — **476 Clinton Avenue**

I long for wings that I might catch a star.

Class Baseball '21; Varsity Tennis '23; Captain Tennis Team '24.

Classical — **Syracuse**



Filacanevo, Arthur — **170 Bergen Street**

I go my way silently and bother no one.

Class Baseball '23.

Classical — **Undecided**



Fischer, Estelle — **527 Springfield Avenue**

Happy as the day is long.

Volley Ball '22; Vice-President Dramatic Club '23; Treasurer German Club '23; Senior Optimist.

General — **N. J. College for Women**



Flaz, Tobie — **454 So. Belmont Avenue**

Every why hath a wherefore.

General — **Normal**



Fleischner, Nathan — **127 Somerset Street**

A good politician, and his other habits are good.

Class Baseball '21, '23; Colgate Tenth Annual Speaker.

Classical — **N. J. College of Pharmacy**



Frey, Arthur — **32 Hedden Terrace**

Oh, this learning; what a thing it is!

Class Baseball '21, '22; Class Basketball '21, '22; Tennis '24; Treasurer 4A Class.

Classical — **N. J. Law**



Garfinkel, Molly — **854 South 13 Street**

Little I ask; my wants are few.

General French — **Undecided**



Goeller, Hulda — **24 Wilbur Avenue**

Look then into thine heart, and write.

Hockey '23, '24; Optimist Board '24; Senior Optimist.

General — **Cornell**



Goldberg, Marthé — **354 Chadwick Avenue**

She was a maiden witty, bright and free.

Basketball '22; Hockey '21, '22, '23; Volley Ball '22, '23.

General French — **Columbia**



Goldberg, Ray — **164 Hawthorne Avenue**

Thy rich celestial music filled the air.

Glee Club '23, '24.

Classical — **Music**



Goldstein, Jerome — **93 Hedden Terrace**

Oh wad some power the gifties gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us.

Class Baseball '21; Varsity Tennis '24; Optimist '24; Senior Optimist.

Classical — **N. Y. U.**



***Gorewitz, Joseph** — 29 Hillside Avenue

Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe.

Class Baseball '21; Mock Trial '23; Orchestra '21, '22; Captain Chess Team '24; Manager Chess Team '24; President N. J. Interscholastic Chess Team '23; President Chess Club '24, '25; 4A Class Senator.

Classical — **Undecided**

Gottfried, Hyman — 815-7 Hunterdon Street

And make each day a critic on the last.

Class Baseball '21, '23.

Classical — **Columbia**

Govendo, Jacob — 584 South Orange Avenue

A working eye, a prying mind.

Class Football '22; Class Baseball '22; Orchestra '22, '23; Glee Club '21; Cheer Leader '24; Senior Optimist.

Classical — **Syracuse**

Govier, Ruth — 382 Belmont Avenue

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.

Senior Optimist.

General — **N. J. College for Women**

Graber, Harold — 40 Shanley Avenue

Men of few words are the best men.

Class Basketball '21.

General French — **U. of Penn.**



Greenberg, Nathan — **302 15 Avenue**

Why worry about tomorrow
When today is bright and clear?

Class Baseball '23.

Classical — **N. J. Law**



Greenfield, Norman — **25 Schley Street**

I would help others, out of a friendly feeling.

Track '24; Optimist '22, '24; Senior Optimist.

Art — **Undecided**



***Gross, Leonora** — **143½ Milford Avenue**

Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.

Hockey '21, '22, '23, '24; Volley Ball '23; Vice-President German Club '23; President German Club '24; Senior Optimist; Honor Roll Medal; 1B Pennant.

Classical — **Barnard**



Hahn, Lenore — **63 Avon Place**

Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for wo!

Volley Ball '22; Glee Club '22, '23; Optimist '23.

General French — **Sargents**



Halprin, Anna — **42 Renner Avenue**

Study to be quiet.

General — **Undecided**



Heeb, Mary — **70 Emmet Street**

The sight of you is good for sore eyes.

Hockey '24; Midsummer Night's Dream.

Classical — **Undecided**

Heller, Myra — **27 Goldsmith Avenue**

It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood.

Classical — **Undecided**

Helmer, Fred — **884 South 18 Street**

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

General French — **Brown**

Heyman, Pauline — **82 Schuyler Avenue**

And still care not a pin
What they said, or may say.

Track '22, '23; Volley Ball '23, '24; Punch Ball '23.

Classical — **Undecided**

Hirschberg, Edna — **414 Clinton Avenue**

Everyone excels in something in which another fails.

Glee Club '22, '23, '24.

Arts—Music — **Music**



Holzman, Sam — **700 South 12 Street**

The lion is not so fierce as painted.

Football '21, '22, '23, '24; Captain Football Team '24; Baseball '21, '22, '23; President of G. O. '24.

Classical — **Syracuse**



Irwin, Frances — **12 Tichenor Street**

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose nature's never vary.

Basketball '22; Midsummer Night's Dream.

General — **Normal**



Kabel, Sidney — **365 Chadwick Avenue**

Night after night,
He sat and bleared his eyes with books.

Senior Optimist.

General French — **Columbia**



Kaelberer, Mildred E. — **150 Chadwick Avenue**

Knowledge comes of learning well retained.

Girls' Track '22; Glee Club '23, '24.

General German — **Normal**



Kestenbaum, Gustave — **354 Clinton Avenue**

He was full of faith that "something would turn up."

Class Baseball '22, '23, '24.

Classical — **Rutgers**

Kimmel, Charles — **75 Chadwick Avenue**

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife.

Class Baseball '22, '23.

Classical — **N. Y. U.**



Kingsland, Mildred — **30 Eckert Avenue**

The essence of goodness.

Volley Ball '22; Glee Club '24; Senior Optimist.

General Spanish — **Normal**



Kohn, Clarence — **29 Clinton Place**

The day in which one does not smile, is lost.

Baseball '23, '24; Chairman 4A Social Committee.

General — **Undecided**



***Kuskin, Harry** — **128 Hedden Terrace**

For all knowledge and wonder is an impression of pleasure in itself.

Class Baseball '21, '23; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical — **Columbia**



Lancit, Ruth — **76 Weequahic Avenue**

Quality rather than quantity.

Hockey '24; Glee Club '23.

General — **Columbia**





***Landau, Sylvia** — **546 Springfield Avenue**

Where in nice balance,
Truth with gold she weighs.

Vice-President Debating Club '23; Varsity Debating Team '23; G. O. Representative 2A; Secretary 4A Class; Senior Optimist.

Classical — **Undecided**



Langburg, Max — **98 Belmont Avenue**

All things come round to him who will but wait.

Football '22, '23; Class Baseball '22.

General — **Undecided**



***Lederer, Werner** — **158 Shephard Avenue**

Man was born for two things—thinking and acting.

Assistant Football Manager '23; Vice-President German Club '24; Vice-President Chess Club '24; 4A Senator; Vice-President 4A Class; Associate Editor of Optimist '23; Editor-in-Chief of Optimist '24; Editor-in-Chief of Senior Optimist; Executive Committee Senior Optimist; Optimist Medal '24; Honor Roll Medal; 1B Pennant.

Classical — **Undecided**



Lesnik, Harry — **810 South 16 Street**

I found you an argument;
I am not obliged to find you an understanding.

General — **N. Y. U.**



Levy, Edna — **171 Elizabeth Avenue**

I extend to every friend in need a helping hand.

General Spanish — **Undecided**

Levy, Louis — **110 Hedden Terrace**

Silence is a true friend who never betrays.

General — **Rutgers**



Lomachinsky, Sam — **54 Montgomery Street**

Among them, but not of them.

Class Football '21, '22; Class Baseball '21, '22, '23; Class Basketball '21, '22; Orchestra '21, '23, '24; Optimist '24; Senior Optimist.

Classical — **Syracuse**



Lyons, Israel B. — **189 Hillside Avenue**

Self-trust is the first secret of success.

Class Baseball '20, '21.

Classical — **N. Y. U.**



***Mandelbaum, Flora (3 Yr. Student)** — **95 Montgomery Street**

Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives.

General — **Normal**



Manger, Fred W., Jr. — **133 Lehigh Avenue**

He makes a solitude and calls it—peace.

Class Baseball '21, '22, '23.

Classical — **Rutgers**





Martin, Frank — **174 Orchard Street**

I wish he would explain his explanations.

Orchestra '22, '23; Senior Optimist.

General French — **Stevens Inst. of Tech.**



McNickle, Arthur — **231 Nye Avenue**

A clear conscience is a sure card.

Baseball '21, '22, '23.

General — **Undecided**



Meister, Edna — **791 South 17 Street**

She who lives without committing any folly is not so wise as she thinks.

Glee Club '24.

General German — **Normal**



Millward, Harold — **44 Chadwick Avenue**

I am the very pink of courtesy.

General German — **Business**



Mitchell, Emma — **745 South 18 Street**

More than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart that laughs at care.

Volley Ball '22; Punch Ball '23; Glee Club '22.

General German — **Normal**

SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL
LIBRARY
NEWARK, N. J.



Morris, Joseph — **63 Scheerer Avenue**

Hope ever urges on, and tells us tomorrow will be better.

Class Football '23; Class Baseball '22, '23; 4A Social Committee.

Classical — **Syracuse**

Moskowitz, Gottfried — **76 Badger Avenue**

A merry heart goes all the day.

Class Baseball '22, '23; Senior Optimist.

Classical — **Columbia**

Muntrick, Milton — **862 South 13 Street**

His cares are now all ended.

Football '23, '24; Associate Circulation Manager Optimist '22; Circulation Manager Optimist '23.

Classical — **Undecided**

SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL
LIBRARY
NEWARK, N. J.

Norton, Nea — **171 Goldsmith Avenue**

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good.

Senior Optimist.

Art — **Undecided**

Parker, Clothilda — **52 South Street**

A harmless flaming meteor shone for hair.

Volley Ball '22, '23, '24; Hockey '23.

General — **Normal**



***Paster, Freda** — **237 Bigelow Street**

In general, those who have nothing to say
Contrive to spend the longest time in saying it.

Orchestra '22, '23, '24.

Arts—Music — **Music**



Perlmutter, Harry — **268 Clinton Place**

There is no wisdom like frankness.

Football '23; Class Baseball '22, '22; Class Basketball '21, '22; 4A Senator.

Classical — **Rutgers**



Permison, Alex — **201 Barclay Street**

Little by little the end is obtained.

Captain Class Baseball '21; Class Basketball, '21; Track '23.

Classical — **N. J. Law**



Phillipson, William — **159 Chancellor Avenue**

Grac'd thou art with the power of words.

Football '23; Class Baseball '21, '23; Varsity Debating Team '24.

Classical — **Undecided**



Pickarsky, Julius — **56 Belmont Avenue**

No further seeks his merits to disclose.

Class Baseball '22, '23.

Classical — **Rutgers**

Poleshuck, Rubin — **148 Peshine Avenue**

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.

Class Baseball '21, '22; Varsity Debating Team '24.

Classical — **Syracuse**



Priester, Cecilia — **194 Seymour Avenue**

I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

General French — **Normal**



Puth, Helen T. — **35 Winans Avenue**

Be silent and safe—silence never betrays you.

General — **Undecided**



Ramaglia, Andrew — **221 Summer Avenue**

The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
I spent among the lasses.

Football '23, '24; Baseball '23, '24.

Classical — **Syracuse**



Rebenfeld, Mildred — **596 So. Belmont Avenue**

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Volley Ball '22; Glee Club '22, '23, '24.

General — **Normal**





Reynolds, Anna — **75 Shanley Avenue**

Zealous, yet modest.

Volley Ball '22; Senior Optimist.

General — **Undecided**



Rittenband, Lilian — **148 Scheerer Avenue**

Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.

Volley Ball '22; Glee Club '22, '23, '24; Orchestra '21; Prize Permanent Industrial Exposition Essay Contest; Senior Optimist.

Classical — **Undecided**



Rosenbaum, Laurence — **847 South 18 Street**

Happy art thou, as if every day thou had'st picked up a horseshoe.

Class Football '22; Class Baseball '23; Secretary Chess and Checker Club '24; Optimist Board '24; Senior Optimist; Chairman Personal Board '24; 4A Social Committee.

General Latin — **Undecided**



Rosinsky, Benjamin — **280 18 Avenue**

Fie on ambition!

Classical — **N. J. College of Pharmacy**



Ross, Fred — **29 Harding Terrace**

What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath.

Class Baseball '21, '22, '23.

General Spanish — **U. of Penn.**



Sachs, Dorothy — **14 Wolcott Terrace**

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe.

Track '23; Hockey '23, '24; Volley Ball '22; Glee Club '22, '23; Optimist '24; Senior Optimist.

General French — **Normal**

Schachter, Florence — **7 Hillside Avenue**

With volleys of eternal babble.

Volley Ball '22; Glee Club '22, '23, '24.

General Latin — **Columbia**

Schechner, Isadore — **850 Summer Avenue**

Ah, how I love my sleep!

Class Baseball '21, '22, '23.

Classical — **Undecided**

***Schenkel, George** — **151 Johnson Avenue**

Genteel in personage, conduct and equipage.

Class Baseball '21, '23; Senior Optimist; Honor Roll Medal; 4A Social Committee.

Classical — **Columbia**

Schwab, Charlotte — **265 Osborne Terrace**

I chatter, chatter as I go.

Orchestra '22, '23, '24; Glee Club '23, '24.

General — **Undecided**



Schwartz, Edward — 376 Hunterdon Street

For solitude sometimes is best society.

Classical — **Rutgers**



Schwartz, Phillip — 376 Hunterdon Street

My hopes are not always realized, but I always hope.

Football '23; Track '23; Baseball '24; Captain Class Baseball '23.

Classical — **U. of Maryland**



Shifman, Joseph — 17 Weequahic Avenue

The quiet mind is richer than the crown.

Classical — **Rutgers**



Shpiner, Harry — 510 Hunterdon Street

Above the screams was heard his laughter.

Football '24; Class Baseball '21, '22, '23.

General — **Brown**



Sissman, Anna F. — 223 Sherman Avenue

A cheerful temper joined with innocence.

Volley Ball '22; Hockey '22, '23; Glee Club '22, '23, '24; Senior Optimist.

General French — **Normal**

Snyder, Ruth — **185 Chadwick Avenue**

Beneath that calm exterior, a deal of deviltry lies.

Track '23; Basketball '21, '22; Swimming '22, '23.

General — **Columbia**



Solomon, Pearl — **1 Baldwin Avenue**

Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of literary genius.

Optimist '23, '24; Senior Optimist.

General — **Undecided**



Spector, Herman — **239½ Hawthorne Avenue**

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Class Baseball '21, '23.

Classical — **Undecided**



Spitkove, Sara — **108 Milford Avenue**

Very quiet and demure,
Of that you may be sure.

Classical — **Hunter's College**



Stark, Julius — **24 Fairview Avenue**

To know how to hide one's ability is great skill.

Classical — **N. Y. U.**





Stern, Henrietta — **812 South 12 Street**

The two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

Senior Optimist.

Classical — **Undecided**



Sternberger, Carolyn — **393 So. Belmont Avenue**

Blessed with that charge, the certainty to please.

Classical — **Undecided**



Strauss, Lucille — **133 Shephard Avenue**

Such ways, such arts, such looks hast thou.

Basketball '21; Volley Ball '22, '23; Hockey '22, '23; Optimist '24; Senior Optimist.

General — **Undecided**



Swanson, Alice H. — **22 Camp Street**

She was a lover of the dance.

Track '24; Volley Ball '23; Hockey '21, '23, '24.

General — **Michel Fokine's School of Dancing**



Tillis, Herman — **16 Tillinghast Street**

Begone, dull Care!
Thou and I shall never agree.

Class Football '22, '23; Class Baseball '22, '23.

Classical — **U. of Penn.**



Turkenitch, Ida — 32 Demarest Street

A good heart is better than all the heads in the world.

Glee Club '23, '24.

Arts—Music — Inst. of Musical Art



Uslander, Leonard — 95 Ridgewood Avenue

Faith, that is as well said as if I had said it myself.

General — N. J. Law



Van Volkenburgh, Beulah — 831 South 15 Street

No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety.

Glee Club '23, '24.

General — Undecided



Waldo, Naomi — 224 Hillside Avenue

And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye.

Hockey '23, '24; Volley Ball '22; Optimist '23.

General — Columbia



Wehler, Jeanette — 172 Ridgewood Avenue

Books are the sepulchers of thought.

Hockey '21, '22, '23, '24.

Classical — Normal



Weissman, Yetta — **341 Seymour Avenue**

Beauty is truth; truth, beauty.

General — **Columbia**

Wenger, Mollie — **642 High Street**

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.

Volley Ball '22; Glee Club '23; Senior Optimist.

General Spanish — **Columbia**

Wild, Donald — **884 South 17 Street**

His talents are of the more silent class.

Class Baseball '23.

Classical — **Stevens Inst. of Tech.**

***Wilder, Samuel** — **541 South 19 Street**

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

Assistant Manager Football '23; Class Baseball '23; Assistant Manager Baseball '23; Manager Baseball '24; Varsity Debating Team '24; Optimist '23, '24; Chairman Athletic Board '24; Executive Committee Senior Optimist; Senior Optimist; Honor Roll Medal; 1B Pennant.

Classical — **N. Y. U.**

Willsky, Morris — **205 Prince Street**

Justice without wisdom is impossible.

Classical — **N. J. College of Pharmacy**



Wosnitzer, David 136 Fabyan Place

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Class Baseball '21, '22, '23; Class Basketball '21.

Classical Undecided

Halprin, A. William 310 Hillside Avenue

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.

Football '23; Class Basketball '21.

General N. Y. U.

Hymowitz, Harry 221 Court Street

Nothing but to learn his lessons, so studious was he.

Classical Undecided

* *Denotes student has been on Honor Roll twenty times or more.*

IN MEMORIAM

HARRY POLANSKY

OUR LATE BELOVED CLASSMATE



CLASS OFFICERS

SCHOOL NEWS



Editors

JACK FELDMANN, *Senior Chairman*

EVELYN AHRENDT
LOTTA EMMERGLICK
ALICE FINGER
RUTH FLEISCHER
FLORENCE LEVY
GABRIEL RICH

JEAN ROSEWATER

VALUE OF EDUCATION INDICATED

S. S. Learns Definition of "Growth of Education"

The week of November 17-21 has been set aside thruout the country as "Education Week"; and South Side, being modern and always "Johnny-on-the-spot," naturally held an assembly period in its honor, on Tuesday, November 18. The speaker of the day was Mr. J. Wilmer Kennedy, Assistant Superintendent of Newark Schools. Mr. Kennedy showed us a most interesting fact—that what was considered as a high school education in former years, is now considered but a grammar school education.

At the beginning of the period, Dr. Kennedy read the Honor Roll for October. Since this number of "The Optimist" belongs to the seniors, let us mention in passing, that we noticed quite a long list of names which are daily heard in a certain senior home room in the basement, on the boys' side of the building.

A cordial invitation was extended to all those who have studied French for a year or more, to attend the meeting of the French Club, by the president, Sadie Vantosh. She also put in a word of warning to the boys, about losing their power in executive positions. Altho we have never studied French, we think we understood as much of what she tried to tell us in that language, as those to whom she extended the invitation.

Another speaker was the well-known Rubin Poleschuck who appeared on the platform with his equally well-known "jazz bow." He announced the sale of the November number of "The Optimist" for the next day. Of course, his mode of announcing needs no commenting upon, for we all know (according to last month's "Optimist") that the middle name of our orators is Originality!

At the close of the period, the school tested its lung-power by fervently singing its football songs—and one couldn't estimate it——*not much!*

A SHARK! WATCH OUT!

See If You Can Hook Him

Yes, we have a wizard! Not the kind you read about in story books, but a real honest-to-goodness wizard—a chess wizard, Joseph Gorewitz.

On Friday, November 7, at one of those entertaining meetings of our Chess and Checker Club, the wizard beat six opponents. He says he will play as many as come his way, and it is our opinion that he means us to understand he will beat as many as will play him. Can you stand such a blow to your pride, you chess sharks? If you have any spunk go to the next meeting of the Chess and Checker Club. Try your luck. If you lose it will mean only one more on the list of Joe's conquests and if you win you'll be world-famous. We are sure the next meeting of the Chess and Checker Club will have such a heavy attendance that the sergeant-at-arms (if there is one) will have an opportunity to exercise his great authority.

NOT S.O.S. BUT W.O.R.

On Saturday, November 22, at 9.20 P.M., our orchestra broadcast from W.O.R. Mr. Gordon spoke on "Building a Musical Nation in the Public Schools." Freda Paster rendered the Hungarian Fantasy by Liszt. The orchestra played the "Fifth Hungarian Dance" by Brahms, "Sad Moon of Falling Leaf" by Lieurance, and "Pomp and Circumstance" by Elgar. We cannot attempt to tell you how successful we were because at the time we went to press the great event was still "coming soon." But then we are sure that by now the great tidings have reached you and you have heard the program on your own little super-iodin.

NOTABLES GATHER

Burkes and Websters Beat the Originals

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there was a meeting of all the *supposed*-to-be-brilliant people, all the way from room 58, even unto 210. Jack Feldmann, the president of this renowned body found it necessary to speak to them, about a pecuniary matter—namely, "The importance of paying dues." Altho these ladies and gentlemen are most agreeable and congenial, it seems to be rather trying for them to part with their money. Mr. Feldmann's speech was as welcome as the measles. The next speaker was Dr. Smith. His message was of vital importance, being to encourage the getting of ads for "The Senior Optimist." Then Werner Lederer told them to hurry with their "Optimist" material. Of course, Werner only has to ask once, and lo and behold—he has an abundance of material.* Clarence Kohn was elected Chairman of the Social Committee. A motion was made and passed that the meeting be "adjoined."

P. S.—The meeting was enjoyed by all.

*Ed. Note—This is sarcasm.



Senior Optimist Board

BOOKWORMS ALL AWAKE!

New Food Has Come

South Side's Library has made great progress during this fall term. Never before have the students had the opportunity of getting so many of their outside reading books in South Side's own Library. Since September, this place has received 194 new books, most of which are reference books, chiefly for History, Economics, and English. Many fiction books have also been added.

Miss Barrow's English classes have presented the library with a beautiful illustrated edition of "Ivanhoe." This is indeed an instance of the interest shown by Southsiders in this institution.

To compensate them for their most strenuous work a picnic was given by Miss Wolfs and Miss Higgins to the Library staff. Miss Wolfs took one half of the staff and Miss Higgins the other, in their machines. They went to the South Mountain Reservation for a picnic-supper. If they had as good a time as they say they had, no doubt many of us desire to join the Library staff.

BEAUTY PARADE!

Many Teachers Visit Atlantic City

November 8, 9, 10, and 11, marked the annual meeting of the New Jersey State Teachers' Association. This year the convention was held at Atlantic City. On each of these days a specially interesting and educational program was enjoyed by the teachers, principals, and supervisors who attended. Several of South Side's faculty attended on Monday, November 10. We lacked the services of a few of our teachers. (By the way, Monday was such a gorgeous day, and the air was so invigorating, that the teachers must have benefited by it, and we anticipate easy homework for the rest of the week.) Anyway, we missed them (?) very much.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

If You Do—Stop, Look, and Listen

The first meeting of the French Club took place on November 6 in Room 216, under the supervision of Mr. Alden, a member of our faculty.

As is the custom at first meetings, the officers of the club were chosen. Under the leadership of Sadie Vantosh, President, Jaqueline Weiss, Vice-President, and Dorothy Zapeika, Secretary, the club expects a very prosperous term.

Marion Leavitt was chosen chairman of the entertainment committee and has as her helpers, Selda Lewis, Samuel Marantz, Frances Bochner, Jaqueline Weiss, and Lotta Emmerglick. Many entertaining and original programs are being prepared.

Of course it is necessary to have a sergeant-at-arms in every club, so this organization has chosen Howard Newmark to act as its policeman.

A cordial invitation is extended to all French students who have not yet joined, to become members of this club. It will prove to be very interesting and beneficial.

SERVICE

Miss Marie Wolfs was one of the very first volunteers in the Smith College Relief Unit during the World War. She also continued as a member until it finished its work in France and is still a director of the organization.

This wonderful society has presented to Smith College a memorial to the Relief Unit. The memorial is a replica of the gates of Chauteau Rabécourt at Grécourt, France. The latter place was the headquarters of the Smith Unit, which is known far and wide for the reconstruction work that it did. These gates serve as the principle entrance to the campus of Smith College.

The gates, which are wrought both in iron and in stone, were presented by the College Trustees to honor the noble work of the graduates who served in the unit.

We are indeed proud of the work done by various Southsiders during the war and we are glad to say that Miss Wolfs was one of those who "did their bit."

POOR WOMAN WINS CONTEST

South Side can be proud of its showing in the Community Chest Poster Contest! The only students of all the high schools to win prominent positions in the final list of contestants, were Southsiders. Norman Greenfield won the first prize, and Eleanor Price received honorable mention. The winning poster portrays an old woman who silently solicits charity from the more fortunate Newarkers.

Greenfield's name is well known in South Side. He is Chairman of the Art Board and has designed the cover used in this issue of "The Optimist." Both these students deserve much credit for placing South Side so in the lead of all the other high schools of Newark.

LIBRARY
NEWARK, N. J.

The Seniors Well Find Them in All walks of Life.



Fred Helmer makes an excellent salesman



Handsome Wilder
Popular movie star
Registering hate



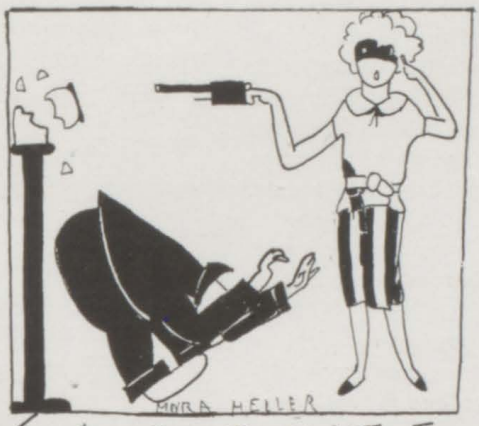
Miss M. Parker
Famous Advocate
of "Redine"



Joe Morris—Bravest of Animal Trainers, surrounded by a few of his pets



Harry Perlmutter—crack
Radio Announcer



Two-Gun- MYRA HELLER LaTest
Bob-haired bandit



Bleck Waiter



Miss Carolyn Sternberger-
Renowned Horsewoman



Madame
Schabsky
who is Rap
idly Gaining
Distinction as a Musician



Fred Ross
Living example
of why Girls
Leave home



A number of our Senior Girls AT Some Future Date

SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL
LIBRARY
NEWARK, N. J.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

"Eternal Honor To His Name"

Six years ago, on November 11, the big guns were silenced, the roar of the cannon subsided, and the strife and excitement of war was ended. We, here in South Side, experienced little of the hardships of war, even tho we enjoy the sweetness of peace. In due respect and appreciation for those who went "Over There," the student body had an Armistice Day program in the assembly.

Miss Lorraine Saylor, in the absence of Mr. Gordon, led us in the singing of "America." Following the usual opening exercises, Dr. Kennedy voiced an appeal for The Community Chest. Then Edward Brooks recited a poem entitled "Armistice Day in the Trenches." After the recitation Miss Saylor rendered two patriotic songs, which were so enjoyed, that she sang an encore. Then Robert Canfield recited a part of ex-President Harding's address in 1921, at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington. The school sang two "old timers"—"Over There," and "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding." The flag was then brought in, the school standing at attention meanwhile, by Ann Gude, attended by two scouts, Doré Cohen and Emil Stefany. Lois Brown sounded "To the Colors" and "Taps" on the bugle, as an impressive ending for this patriotic assemblage.

"We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours."

SOUTH SIDE AUDITORIUM

Dr. Kennedy, Princ. **Nov. 3, 1924.**

Overture ----------MRS. KEOGH

MINNIE KLINGEL

Minnie Klingel's act consisted of the giving of an excellent speech, entitled "Newark in the Revolution." Her return to the platform brought many of her admirers to witness the performance.

HELEN SHIFFMAN

in a speech on "Port Newark and Newark's Future." This was well received by the audience.

S. S. TRIO

Samuel Marantz, Violin.
George Goldberg, Clarinet.
Aaron Warner, Piano.

This was one of the big headliners.

This famous trio is always well received when it appears upon our platform. It was twice encored and the selections were very good. They included the "Spring Song" and "Stephenia."

SAM HOLZMAN & TEAM

Another big headliner! The captain came to the platform and told us what his team expected to do to Barringer (Poor Barringer).* He then called up several members of the team. They were Ali Robbins, Martin Heller, Milton Muntrick, Edward Brooks, Samuel Goldstein, and Andy Ramaglia. This was novel. Indeed, those fellows should have been orators instead of football players. Most of them conveniently forgot what they were going to say. You see these boys are accustomed to appearing before an audience when they are in football togs, but being all dressed up, they were "sorta" bashful. At least they all convinced us that they were going to "fight till the last whistle" and that's "sweet music" to our ears. Well, the boys have done their bit, and it's up to us to do ours.

Another little feature was an extemporaneous speech by Dr. Kennedy. He spoke of the prospect of our team's bringing home the bacon. He wanted some that we could all use. We are going to play Barringer,—not a team like Newton where they are likely to have a Country Fair as a side show.

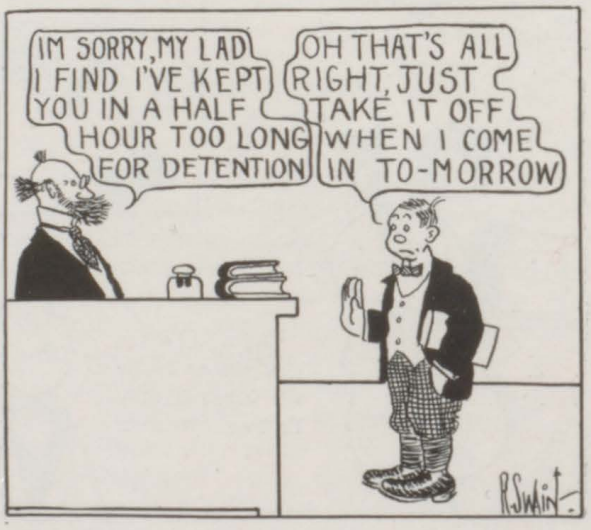
NOTICE—Unlike Proctor's, our last act comes up to the rest of the features.

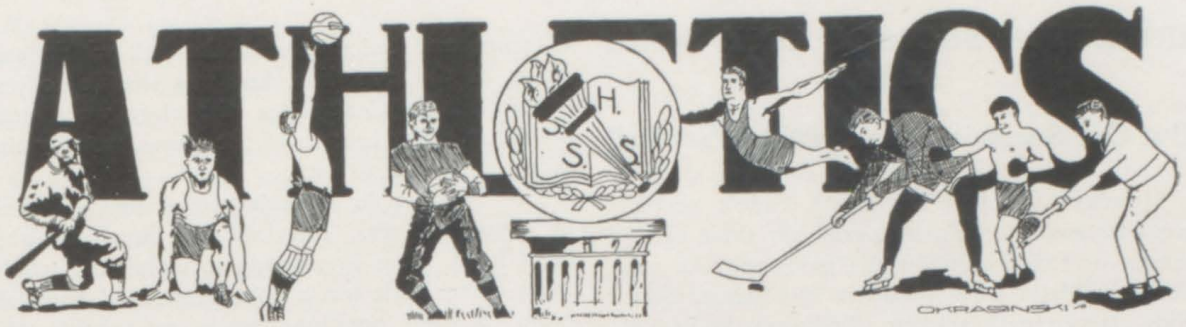
LOUIS HART

Famous cheer leader came up to the platform and led us in some cheers. The response was great! Some like that on Saturday and we'd win the game by scaring our opponents. Louis gave some new cheers which are cracker-jacks. We ended by singing our football songs.

If all our programs in Assembly were as good as this one, Proctor's would soon go out of business.

*Ed. Note.—S. S.—0, Barringer—40.





Editors

JEROME GOLDSTEIN, *Senior Chairman*

JACK BELFER
ALFRED MARGOLIES
HOWARD NEWMARK
SAMUEL WILDER

THREE YEARS HENCE

Where Are Our Wandering Athletes This Year

The Class of February, 1925, will take with it many varsity athletes. We are consoled by the hope that they will do as well in the colleges they attend as they have done at South Side. One often hears of South Side Alumni starring in college athletics and the Class of '25 would like to hear, in the future, of some of its members as successful college athletes. There is no doubt that the varsity teams will miss the strength of these few.

The football squad will lose Sam Holzman, captain of the 1924 team. For three years, Holzman has played the position of fullback. By the fighting spirit which he displays in all the games and which is known to all South Siders, he has earned the name "Fighting Callahan." When it was necessary to plunge the pigskin over the goal line, the South Side quarterback could always depend on "Fighting Callahan." He just put his head down and fought thru the line for the needed touchdown. There are many players on the teams of South Side's opponents who know the danger of being in Holzman's way when he is dashing thru the line, and more than once a player was carried off the field after tackling the dashing South Side fullback. Holzman was a sure left fielder on the 1923 baseball team. He never missed a fly and could be depended on as a heavy hitter.

Andrew Ramaglia came to South Side two years ago and has played baseball and football in both 1923 and 1924. "Andy" starred as third baseman on the baseball team. He was a very clever baseman. His favorite trick, and it worked very often, was to hide the ball in his glove and when a less experienced player stepped off the base he would tag him out. On the varsity football squad Andy assisted at left end. He was a fearless man and played a clean game of football.

Next season it will be necessary to search for a new second baseman because this term the veteran and big leaguer, Arthur McNickle, graduates. Because of his brilliant playing in 1922, McNickle was elected captain of the team in 1923. During the three years that he played second baseman, he was the most consistent batsman on the team, his average at the end of the season always being highest. In 1924 McNickle again played baseball and being one year more experienced showed even greater ability at second base.

Muntrick, the speedy halfback, is also leaving with the class of February 1924. For two years Muntrick has played well in the halfback position. He is a shifty runner and often edged his way thru the line for substantial gains. In the East Side game of 1924 Muntrick intercepted a forward pass and ran eighty yards for a touchdown. Any football man is proud of a run as long as that.

Three of the many star tennis players are leaving South Side this term and will soon play at some school higher up. Fierstein, captain of the 1924 team, who played two years on the tennis team, graduates along with Goldstein and Frey. All three earned their script "S" for tennis.

IRVINGTON SECONDS LOSE SOME DIRT

But Our Seconds Were Scrubbed as Well

Monday, October 27, South Side's seconds went to Irvington Park to conquer their second victim of the season on the gridiron. As soon as the whistle blew to begin the game, South Side started with a bang. Irvington kicked off to South Side and it was South Side's ball in our own territory. After the backfield carried the ball to Irvington's thirty-yard line, Blitman ran around end, and, assisted by fine interference, scored the first touchdown. This was only a start for the flashy Sunnyside scrub gridders, and to prove this they scored a total of twenty points before the first period ended. In the second period the supporters of the Black and Gold continued their aggressive playing and scored seven points more. In the third quarter they added another seven points to their total. In the second half a flock of new men entered the game for Irvington and, assisted by these and very frequent penalties against South Side, the Camptowners succeeded in scoring fourteen points. The game ended in the darkness with the score thirty-four for South Side and fourteen for Irvington.

The undefeated South Side seconds next met the Central warriors on the field at Weequahic Park. A good judge would have predicted a sweeping victory for Central if he had compared the size of the boys playing on each team. This same judge would have quickly changed his mind after seeing the first play of the game, when the Central backfield men bucked up against a stone wall in trying to break thru the South Side line. It was Central's ball on their own fifteen-yard line. They chose to kick but our speedy linemen broke thru and blocked the kick, a Central man recovering it. On the next play Central again tried to kick, this time the ball being on their five-yard line. Again the South Side line broke thru and blocked the kick. A Central man fell on the ball behind the goal line and it was two points for South Side. South Side tore thru Central's line and ran around the ends, making one first down after another. But when they came within scoring distance, Central strengthened and South Side was unable to score. In the third period a Central man intercepted a forward pass and ran seventy yards for a touchdown. The extra point was made by a dropkick. In the final period, South Side made a desperate attempt to score and twice carried the ball within ten yards of the goal line, but was unable to put it over. The Centralites, tho they were outplayed in every branch of the game, won by the score of seven to two.

The South Side seconds are a speedy bunch of young fellows. They all play in unison and fight hard. It is interesting to watch the whole team come back for a conference and then all jump to their positions ready to execute the play. They have the steam, they have the team for they are loyal Southsiders.

THE LAST WHITE LINE CROSSED

S. S. First to Place the Pigskin on Asbury's Goal Line

On Saturday, November 1, 1924, Asbury Park's much talked of eleven invaded the lair of the South Side Tiger at City Field. Being a great favorite to win the fray by a large margin, the grid mentor of Asbury Park brought thirty warriors with him in the expectation of allowing each one to show all-State potentialities against the Sunnysiders. However, only a few of the men actually did get into the battle. This was due to the fact that the South Side team displayed a "never-say-die-spirit" and held the Beachcombers to a 14-6 score. The South Side gridders, altho defeated, accomplished what many other high school elevens had failed to do thus far this fall, and that was, to score on the Asbury Park eleven.

A large crowd of loyal South Side rooters was on hand to witness what was to be a terrific battle. Indeed, a battle it was, and there was scarcely a moment that did not have its thrills and spills. The game was one of the fiercest ever seen between two rival elevens.

The game began when Rosner kicked off to Asbury Park's twenty-yard line. Asbury Park started to rush the ball toward the South Side goal posts. Having failed to gain any ground on line plunging, Wilson kicked to South Side's forty-yard line. It was in the next few plays that Finck, the fleet right halfback of the Sunnysiders, showed his extraordinary ability. Having been given the ball on three successive occasions, he suceeded in skirting the ends for long gains, which netted South Side three first downs. In the next few plays South Side failed to gain and Morty Horwitz kicked to Asbury Park's thirty-five-yard line. Asbury Park now in possession of the ball resorted to a terrific line plunging game, which netted them great gains

and brought the ball to South Side's sixteen-yard line. The ball was advanced to the one-yard line because of a fifteen-yard penalty against South Side. With their backs to the goal posts, the Southsiders fought like tigers to prevent Asbury from scoring, but their efforts were in vain. The Asbury gridders were not to be denied and Moyna smashed thru center for a touchdown. The extra point was also obtained, thus making the score 7-0.

In the second quarter each team tried to score but with no success. The battle was being waged in midfield. The first half terminated after each team had exchanged a series of punts.

The second half was begun when South Side kicked off from midfield. Stewart, the fleet visiting fullback, caught the ball and aided by some excellent interference, succeeded in reeling off fifty yards before he was brought to earth. After a series of punts had been exchanged, Moyna started to raise havoc by his wonderful line plunging, elbowing his way thru the South Side line on one occasion for a twenty-two-yard gain. With the ball within scoring distance, a fifteen-yard penalty placed the ball close to our goal line.

"Andy" Ramaglia prevented Moyna from scoring in two successive plays. However, Moyna succeded on the third try, and again tallied a six-pointer on a line plunge thru center. The try for the extra point was successful and the score was 14-0.

The third quarter was marked by very little excitement, each team holding its own in midfield. However, in the fourth quarter Sam Holzman, our sterling captain, showed himself to advantage. The Sunnyside team had been penalized fifteen yards for an offside and Morty Horwitz was forced to kick out of danger. It was then that the eagle eye of Sam Holzman saw the spheroid fall from Moyna's hands. Quick as a flash he plucked the oval from the ground and raced down the field for a touchdown. It was the first time the Beachcombers' goal had been crossed this season. In the remaining few minutes of play South Side again tried to score when Ed Herman intercepted a forward pass near the visitors' thirty-yard line. South Side, however, soon lost the ball on downs. The game was ended with the ball in midfield.

The Asbury backfield trio, Stewart, Moyna, and Wilson, scintillated for the shore team. Holzman distinguished himself in a lively fashion for the Black and Gold, while Finck's end runs were features of the game. Gross and Ramaglia gave a fine exhibition on the defensive.

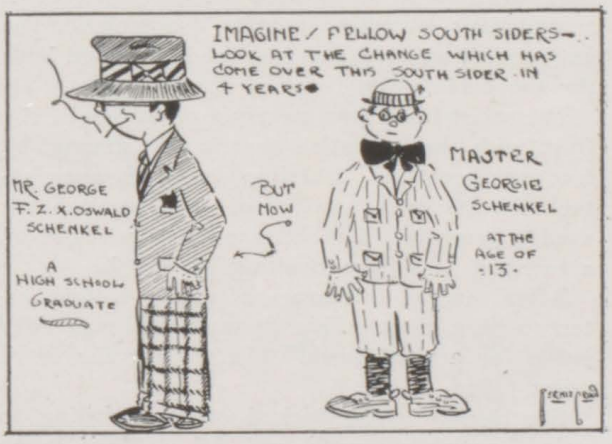
The line up:

South Side (6)		**Asbury Park (14)**
Szanger		Morris
	Left End	
Rosner		Pierce
	Left Tackle	
Gross		Silverstein
	Left Guard	
Goldstein		Carton
	Center	
Bopp		Osgoodby
	Right Guard	
Heller		Kraemer
	Right Tackle	
Ramaglia		Harris
	Right End	
Robbins		Reynolds
	Quarterback	
Horwitz		(Capt.) Moyna
	Left Halback	
Finck		Wilson
	Right Halfback	
Holzman (Capt.)		Stewart
	Fullback	

Score by periods:

Asbury Park	7	0	7	0—14
South Side	0	0	0	6— 6

Touchdowns: Moyna (2), Holzman. Goals after touchdowns: Brueckner. South Side substitutions: Herman for Finck, Braver for Goldstein, Muntrick for Robbins, Robbins for Muntrick, Kelner for Horwitz, Horwitz for Kelner, Halprin for Szanger, Szanger for Rosner. Asbury Park substitutions: Brueckner for Reynolds, Hendrickson for Stewart, Stewart for Pierce, Vola for Kraemer. Referee: Stein, Springfield. Umpire: Wittpen, Rutgers. Head Linesman: Lawes, Rutgers.



WO IS ME

But We'll Beat 'Em Next Time

On Saturday, November 8, the South Side High football team received its worst defeat of the season at the hands of its bitterest and greatest rival, Barringer. The Ridge Street aggregation outplayed South Side in every department of the game. The powerful backfield trio, Breithut, McDowell, and Harris, were largely responsible for the victory.

At the start of the game, Henry Finck, South Side's stellar performer, took the ball from Holzman on a cross buck and skirted the end for twenty-five yards. Between Captain Holzman and Finck, the Sunnysiders began a march down the field and things began to look bright, but a Southsider fumbled and Barringer recovered the ball on its own thirty-yard line. From then on, Barringer became the aggressor and kept at it for the rest of the game. They worked the ball down to the sixteen-yard line and then Breithut calmly whirled, pivoted, and sidestepped thru the entire team for the first tally. The kick was missed.

South Side kicked off, Barringer plunged a few times and returned the compliment. After another exchange of punts the quarter ended with the Sunnysiders having the ball on Barringer's thirty-yard line.

On the first play in the second period, Breithut intercepted a forward pass and advanced the ball to the thirteen-yard line, but on the second plunge he fumbled and it was South Side's ball on our own goal line. Muntrick called for a safety because it was too dangerous to punt in the position they were in. South Side then punted from the thirty-yard line and after a long end run by McDowell and a forward pass, Breithut to McDowell, the Ridge Streeters scored their second tally. The dropkick for the extra point was blocked and the half ended with the score 14 to 0 in favor of Barringer.

The second half was merely a repetition of the first, with the exception that it was marred by frequent penalties. Barringer used an open attack for its next touchodwn, McDowell being used repeatedly. The extra point was made by a forward pass from Breithut to Walsh.

After several exchanges of punts, Knight intercepted a South Side forward and ran fifty yards for a touchdown. The try for the extra point failed.

South Side again kicked off and failing to gain, Barringer punted and Ali Robbins in an attempt to get the ball touched it and it rolled to the one-yard line, where a blue-jerseyed player recovered it.

Knight opened the final period by carrying the ball over for a touchdown. The kick was missed. In desperation South Side opened up an aerial attack and after having advanced deep into the enemy's territory, had all their hopes blasted when Jamieson intercepted a long forward and raced eighty yards for the final six pointer.

For the Black and Gold, Finck, Gross, and Holzman bore the brunt of the labor and showed marvelous fighting spirit in the face of great odds.

Barringer 40		**South Side 0**
Thigpen		Szanger
	Left End	
Jarvis		Brooks
	Left Tackle	
Robrecht		Gross
	Left Guard	
Betchel		Goldstein
	Center	
Brundage		Bopp
	Right Guard	
Nisivocia		Heller
	Right Tackle	
Reeks		Ramaglia
	Right End	
Harris		Robbins
	Quarterback	
Sheehan		Finck
	Halfback	
McDowell		Horwitz
	Halfback	
Breithut (Capt.)		(Capt.) Holzman
	Fullback	

Score by periods:

Barringer	6	8	14	12—40
South Side	0	0	0	0— 0

Touchdowns: Breithut, Knight, McDowell, Jamieson. Points after touchdown: Harris, dropkick; Walsh, forward pass. Safety: Holzman. Substitutions: Barringer, Walsh for Thigpen, Knight for McDowell, Smith for Harris, Jamieson for Smith, Scott for Thigpen, Naylor for Sheehan, W. Bergoffen for Betchel; South Side, Herman for Horwitz, Muntrick for Robbins, Halprin for Ramaglia, Coffey for Bopp, Robbins for Finck, Muntrick for Robbins, Halprin for Szanger. Referee: Smith, of Colgate. Umpire: Lawes, of Rutgers. Head Linesman: Thorton, of Cornell. Time of periods: 12 minutes.

Famous Faces



Nea Norton
of
The Flowingfocks



Norman Greenfield
Our famous Artist



Alice Swenson
A Tricky Dancer



Andy Ramaglia
The Distinguished



Clarence Kohn
The Bearded Man



Marché Goldberg
That French Lady



Dave Wornitzer
The Class Beauty



Jack Feldman
The Shining Light



Ruth Briggs
5, 5, and 5
(Sweet, Simple and Girlish)



Evelyn Ahrendt
The Lady



Mary Deebe
Baby Stare



Julius Stark
Man of the Hour

In The Sensor Picture Gallery

SENIOR SLAMS

Name	*Nickname*	*Ailment*	*Remedy*	*Known By*	*How They Got Thru*	*Fate*
Ahrendt, E.	"Evvy"	Eyes	Eye-Shade	Oh! Gee!	Vamped 'Em	Salesgirl
Appel, M.	"Max"	Silence	Explosion	Absence	Don't Know	Ice Man
Bleick, W.	"Will"	Studying	Loss of Books	Stammering	Brains	Night Watchman
Bochner, F.	"Frankie"	Style	1000 B. C.	Bow-Legs	Naturally	Manicurist
Briggs, R.	"Ruthie"	Size	Stretcher	Smiles	Slipped Thru	Nursemaid
Brown, L.	"Loe"	What's His Name?	Who's Who	Eyes	Danced Thru	Miss Liberty
Bruck, S.	"Sid"	Face	Beauty Treatment	Quietness	Mistake	Hot Dog King
Cohen, B.	"Babs"	Freckles	Lemon Lotion	Oh!!!!	Rep	Movie Pianist
Cohen, D.	"Dora"	Shyness	Seminary	Flaxen Hair	Beyond Us	Ladies' Tailor
Cohen, M.	"Red"	Hair	Dye	Brief Case	Studied	Bachelor
Crane, A.	"Lene"	Conscientiousness	Falling in Love	Complexion	Worked	Housewife
Dornbusch, C.	"Claire"	Conceit	Sixes	"Nines"	Bluffed	School Marm
Epstein, H.	"Eppie"	Too Quiet	Parties	He's Not	Who Cares?	Letter Carrier
Farbstein, L.	"Lee"	Disposition	Sugar	Mop	Noise	Quack Doctor
Feinberg, M.	"Berg"	Benign Expression	Cough Up	Ancestry	Carefulness	Insurance Agent
Feldmann, J.	"Jack"	Feet	Opera Pumps	"Tens"	Drag	Dancing Teacher
Fierstein, P.	"Phil"	Width	Corset	Voice	Jumped	Auto Salesman
Filacanevo, A.	"Artie"	Size	"Longies"	Hair	No Reason At All	Midget in Circus
Fischer, E.	"Stelle"	Avoirdupois	Calories	Shyness?	Nerve	Chauffeurette
Fleischner, N.	"Nutky"	Grins	Not Graduate	Debating	Ask Him	Steeplechase
Frey, A.	"Art"	"Dot"	Evelyn	Ask Students	Collecting Dues	Cashier
Garfinkel, M.	"Moll"	Nose	Good Looks	Personality	Miracle	Hairdresser
Goeller, H.	"Hulda"	Prude	Sheik	Mother says "—"	Plugged	Suffragette
Goldberg, M.	"Marthé"	Length	Shrinking	High Spirits	Scared 'Em	Parrot Trainer
Goldberg, R.	"Fatty"	Hair-Comb	Sheik-Bob	Past	Played	Wash Woman
Goldstein, J.	"Jerry"	Swell-Head	Tight Hat	Is He?	Passed	Beau Brummel
Gorewitz, J.	"Joe"	Voice	Cold	Cicero Himself	Translating Virgil	Latin Teacher
Govendo, J.	"Jake"	Scholarship	Passing Marks	Flunking Marks	Can't Tell	Janitor
Govier, R.	"Ruth"	"Bobbie"	Marriage	Dignity	Lack of Noise	Vampire
Graber, H.	"Fat"	Complexion	Diet	Non-Interest	Worked	Telegram Boy
Greenberg, N.	"Nat"	Adenoids	Tonsils	Irish Blood	Mystery	Surgeon
Greenfield, N.	"Greeny"	Girl-Shy	Harem	Drawings	Who Knows?	Greenwich Village
Gross, L.	"Lena"	Good Behavior	Detention	Her Recitations	Knocked 'Em Cold	Interpreter
Hahn, L.	"Lenny"	Bluffing	Mirror	Short Skirts	Walked	Chorus Girl
Halprin, A.	"Ann"	Goodness	Shock	Walk	Listened	Model
Halprin, A.	"Chink"	Brevity	Fame	Gold Tooth	Accident	Milkman
Heeb, M.	"Mary"	Milton	Marriage	Ways	Inspiration	Seamstress

Name	*Nickname*	*Ailment*	*Remedy*	*Known By*	*How They Got Thru*	*Fate*
Heller, M.	"Myry"	Frivolity	Disappointment	Pug Nose	Used Her Eyes	Tel. Operator
Helmer, F.	"Fritz"	Girls	Uninhabited Island	Comments	Error	Gas Man
Heyman, P.	"Paul"	Weight	Milk Diet	Head Bands	Tell Me	Waitress
Hirschberg, E.	"Eddie"	School	Cut	??????	Struggled	Laundress
Hymowitz, H.	"Hymo"	Talking	Adhesive Tape	Originality	Lease Expired	Dog-Catcher
Irwin, F.	"Francie"	Solitude	Wild Life	Prettiness	Teacher's Pet	Dairy Maid
Holzman, S.	"Calahan"	Strength	Stronglady	Baby Blue Eyes	Football	Truck Driver
Kabel, S.	"Sid"	Arguments	Foresight	Satchel	Midnight Oil	Organ-Grinder
Kaelberer, M.	"Milly"	Books	Loss of Books	Parisian Styles(?)	Pull	Spinster
Kestenbaum, G.	"Gus"	There Are None!	Can't Be	Speech	Kibitzed	Lecturer
Kimmel, C.	"Charley"	Stubbiness	Hang on a Jitney Strap	Name	To the Tune of "Charley, My Boy"	Overbrook
Kingsland, M.	"Millie"	Prompt Rising	Gum the Seat	"Yes, Miss —"	Rose	Model for Statues
Kohn, C.	"Clarence"	Bashfulness	Flirting	Slowness	Dragged	Polygamist
Kuskin, H.	"Hesh"	Vagueness	There is None	Honor Roll Pin	Knowing History	Cook
Lancit, R.	"Rixie"	Temper	Master Mind	Everybody	Unnoticed	Sailor's Wife
Landau, S.	"Syl"	Goodness	Pepper	Sweetness	Couldn't Help It	Nurse
Laneburg, M.	"Mack"	Whiskers	Shaving Cream	Physique	Foolish Questions	"Over the Hill"
Lederer, W.	"Werner, L."	Hair	Baldness	Slang	Optimist	Newspaper Editor
Lesnik, H.	"Les"	Argument	Defeat	Buttinskiness	Kicked	Shyster Lawyer
Levy, E.	"Ed"	Plumpness	Daily Dozen	Many	Fell	Conductorette
Lomachinsky, S.	"Sam"	Can't Count 'Em	Adding Machine	Red Cheeks	Cheeked	Chaperon
Lyons, Is.	"Izzie"	Name	Is There Any?	Zoology	Did He?	Inventor
Mandelbaum, F.	"Flora"	Perfection	Flunking	Hair	Rushed	Barmaid
Manger, F.	"Freddie"	Insignificance	Limelight	Stability	Overlooked	Tramp
Martin, F.	"Frank"	Lingo	R's	Senseless Chatter	Talked	Soap Box Orator
McNickle, A.	"Art"	Ruth	Mars	Complexion	Skin of His Teeth	Collar-Model
Meister, E.	"Edna"	Flapperishness (?)	Wake Up!	History Marks	Unobserved	Matrimony
Millward, H.	"Harry"	Courteousness	Snub	Room 114	Pardoned His Way	Bootblack
Mitchell, E.	"Em"	Shortness	Yeast	Sociability	Miracles Still Happen	Cook
Morris, J.	"Joe"	Ask Dad	See Ailment	Hustling	No One Was Looking	Jailbird
Moskowitz, G.	"Moskie"	Knowledge	Amnesia	Industriousness	Much Effort	Newsboy
Muntrick, M.	"Milt"	Romanticism	Disillusion	Ties	Lagged	Tourist
Norton, N.	"Nea"	Lack of Interest	Spirits	Teeth	Used Judgment	Vamp
Parker, C.	"Tilda"	Affectation	Eating Lemons	Red Hair	Looked Wise	Chorus Girl
Paster, F.	"Freda"	Unsociability	Spices	See Ailment	We're Not Telling	Music Teacher
Perlmutter, H.	"Mush"	Pestiness	90 Days	Blowing	Teacher's Bane	Bootlegger
Permison, A.	"Abie"	No Pep	Holiday	Attitude	Secret	Poundmaster
Phillipson, W.	"Bill"	Innumerable	Hopeless	Winning Manner	Debating	Political Boss
Pickarsky, J.	"Jule"	Quietness	T. N. T.	Absent-mindedness	Watchful Waiting	Bacteriologist
Poleshuck, R.	"Rube"	Dumbness	Knowledge	Father	Somehow	Rabbi
Priester, C.	"Ceil"	Carelessness	Neatness	Boys	Drawing	Artist

SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY NEWARK, N.J.

Name	*Nickname*	*Ailment*	*Remedy*	*Known By*	*How They Got Thru*	*Fate*
Puth, H.	"Helen"	Nose	See J. Dempsey	Agreeableness	Efficiency	Waitress
Ramaglia, A.	"Andy"	Girls	Girlless World	Swagger	Somebody's Generosity	Sailor
Rebenfeld, M.	"Mill"	Studying	High Honors	Giggle	Fooled 'Em	Secretary
Reynolds, A.	"Ann"	Earnestness	Flunking	Optimist Ms.	Watched Her Chance	Governess
Rittenband, L.	"Lil"	"Jerry"	A New Nephew	Librarian	Study Periods	Somebody's Stenog
Rosenbaum, L.	"Lotsie"	Laziness	Reprimand	Personality	Joked	Comic Editor
Rosinsky, B.	"Ben"	Football	Baseball	Features	Kicked Thru	All State End
Ross, F.	"Freddie"	Wise-cracking	Common Sense	Collegiate Clothes	Vamped Faculty	Rudy Valentino II
Sachs, D.	"Debby"	Flirting	Cave-man	See Directory	Ask Doc Austin	Spinster
Schachter, F.	"Flo"	See Directory	Muzzle	Cute Nose	Babbled Thru	Town Gossip
Scheckner, I.	"Izzy"	Tongue-tied	Cut It	Girth	Floated	Circus Strong Man
Schenkel, G.	"Georgie"	Legs	Braces	Girls	Ran	Errand Boy
Schwab, C.	"Charlie"	Impulsiveness	Iceberg	Long Hair	Fiddled	Violinist
Schwartz, E.	"Ed"	Hair	Expose to Sun	Glasses	As Usual	Grammarian
Schwartz, P.	"Phil"	History Tests	Study	Lankiness	Nosed	Plumber
Shifman, J.	"Joe"	Hesitation	Push	Sister Sadie	Sneaked Thru	Terrible!!!
Shpiner, H.	"Harry"	Tennis	Golf	See Ailment	Worried Teachers	Another Tilden
Sissman, A.	"Ann"	Middle Name	A Change	Affability	Oh, Dear!	School Marm
Snyder, R.	"Rufus"	Pigeon Toes	Spikes	Deviltry	I'm Not That Kind of a Girl!!	Private Secretary
Solomon, P.	"Pearlie"	Red Lips	A New Brand	Frivolity	Can't Say	"Ad" for Cosmetics
Spector, H.	"Harry"	Latin	Pony	Georgie	Worked	Horseman
Spitkove, S.	"Sally"	Shortness	Stilts	Sweet Voice	Goo-goo Eyes	Nurse
Stark, J.	"Jule"	Cramming	Loss of Books	Hair	Tried	Henna "Ad"
Stern, H.	"Henry"	Long Hair	Bob	Associates	Goodness Knows!	Reporter
Sternberger, C.	"Sternie"	No Noise	Rattle	Willingness	A Secret	Society Belle
Strauss, L.	"Lou"	Blah!	A Fall	Whom?	Unaccounted for	Has None
Swanson, A.	"Al"	Solitude	Companions	Dancing	On the Light Fantastic	Movie Actress
Tillis, H.	"Tillie"	Sheikishness	Desert	Football Tickets	Eventually	Salesman
Turkenitch, I.	"Turkie"	Obscurity	Limelight	Freda Paster	Played	Composer
Uslander, L.	"Lennie"	Acting	More Acting	Acting	Acted	Actor
Van Volkenburgh, B.	"Van"	Height	Squeezer	Head Bands	Shone	Ivory Tickler
Waldo, N.	"Naom"	Tardiness	Week's Detention	Clothes	Was Pushed	Clothes Model
Wehler, J.	"Jennie"	Reading	Eye-Sore	Athletics	A Puzzle	Helen Wills
Weissman, Y.	"Yitzie"	Loudness	Muffler	Cuteness	About Time	Ziegfeld Follies
Wenger, M.	"Mitzie"	Oh, Boy!	Well, Well!	Teeth	'Tis a Long Story	Tooth Wash "Ad"
Wild, D.	"Don"	Kiddishness	Grow Up	Obligingness	Real Talent	Accountant
Wilder, S.	"Mule"	Raving	Straight Jacket	Curly Locks	Banana Oil!	Macaroni Maker
Willsky, M.	"Moe"	Shyness	Love Affair	Face	Deep Mystery	Heaven Knows!
Wosnitzer, D.	"Dave"	Meekness	A Jar	Stillness	Nobody Heard Him	Junk Dealer

-SENIOR SATIRE-



CANNIBALS ARE WILD BUT THIS GUY IS WILDER. HE HAS AT LAST BECOME PRESIDENT OF THE WILDMEN.



WILLARD BLEKH

THE CLASS SKYSCRAPER. JUST NOW HE'S MOONSTRUCK (THE TROUBLE WAS THAT HE COULDN'T GET HIS HEAD OUT OF THE WAY.)

IN 1934 SAM HOLZMAN WILL STILL BE A GOOD LINEMAN. SAM'S GREAT AMBITION WAS TO GRADUATE IN 3½ YEARS.



ANDY RAMAGLIA SEEMS TO BE LOOKING FOR HIS NAME AMONG THE GREAT FOOTBALL STARS.



WERNER LEDERER'S FAVORITE PLAY USED TO BE "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" NOW LOOK AT HIM!

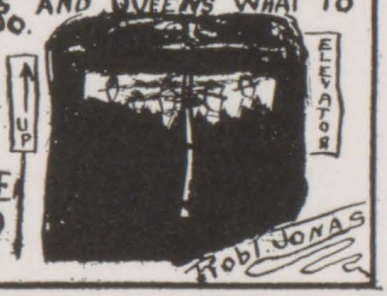


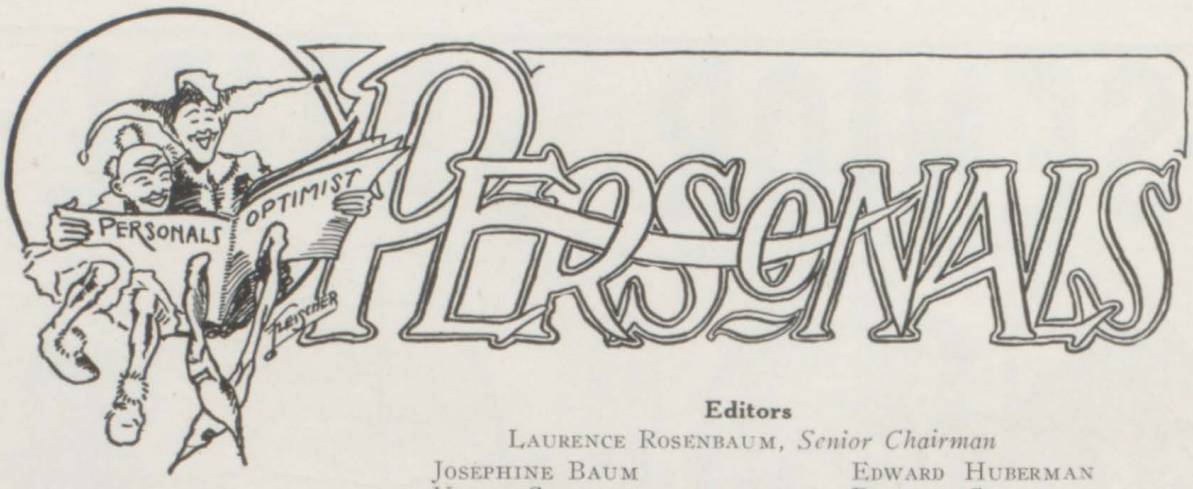
JOE GOREWITZ IS ONE OF THE ROYAL SAGES OF THE CLASS. HE TELLS KINGS AND QUEENS WHAT TO DO.



KOHN ALWAYS WAS A GOOD DRESSER. NOW HE'S DRESSING SALADS.

IN SCHOOL CLARENCE RUBIN POLESHUCK IS BOUND TO RISE IN THE WORLD.





Editors

LAURENCE ROSENBAUM, *Senior Chairman*

JOSEPHINE BAUM
VICTOR GINSBERG
MARCUS HARRIS
SIDNEY G. GOLDBERG
EDWARD HUBERMAN
DOROTHY SACHS
JEROME SILVERMAN
LUCILLE S. STRAUSS

MARCUS M. HARRIS

OUR ZOO

Let's go O South Siders out for a lark,
Let us all go out to Bronx Park.
There we shall see all our seniors sage
Looking at us from behind their cage.
Now as we enter what do we hear?
The roar of Govendo, a great big bear.
And look is that Fierstein we see over there,
That terrible lion coming out of his lair?
And who can that huge hippopotamus be?
Bill Philipson, can it be you that we see?
Can you see that replica of the dinosaurus?
That's the one-time proud senior, Jos. Morris.
Ah, there's the one from the land of the ski.
I thought we would find him, Sam Lomachinsky.
A dazzling white polar bear he's turned out to be,
But in spite of this, we are glad him to see.
No more can Sam Holzman go dashing 'round end,
He's that giant tortoise over there in the pen.
We will now enter the tiger-house,
And there we see Muntrick chasing a mouse.
But fellow South Siders for you there's surprize
When I tell you Fred Helmer is that animal wise.
At the monkey-house we are able to see
Rubin Poleshuck, one of primates three.
And in the cage, down near the door,
Harry Perlmutter is asleep on the floor.
And so all thru the zoo we go,
Seeing our South Siders fallen so low.
So be careful, O seniors, and don't be so proud,
Come back to earth, don't fly in a cloud.

As we say it—

Hey! This is the down stairs!

As the French would say it—

Pardon, monsieur, but I believe zat zis is ze stairs downward.

As the English would say it—

My word, old top, it's bally rude of me to say so, but I perceive you are upward on the stairs marked "down."

As the German would say it—

Mein Gott! You dumpell don you know dat you is koing der upvays on der downways stairs?

As the Romans would have said it—

Unto me the ability to speak is given saying altho you walk not otherwise than up, it is unto the greater part of us the downward stairs.

Martin: I think that Gorewitz has a sterling character.

Feldmann: How is that?

Martin: Yesterday he gave me a piece of chewing gum, even tho the election was over.

One Bee: (who is watching funeral) Who do you think has died?

Shifman: The man in the hearse, you sap.

Honor roll students may come,
Holl roll students may go;
But the sixes march on forever.

History Teacher: If every one in the class will bring two cents I will give each one fifteen sheets of paper.

Martin: All right, I'll ask my father about it.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Every Day He Asks Five Persons, Picked at Random, a Question

By Henrietta Stern

TODAY'S QUESTION

Do you agree with Miss Maggie Miggles that America is imperilled by high school education?

Where asked—Broad and Market.

THE ANSWERS

1. Jerry Jumbles, street cleaner—Why should any person consider a high school education an asset? I, a man of means, have never had one and see where I am today. Miss Miggles, never having had one either, knows.

2. Davy Jones, groom—No one knows better than I how unnecessary a high school education is. All the histories of successful men in my line bear out this fact, that a high school education is a waste of time.

3. Abraham Bochultzawizsky, hot dog vender—Miss Maggie Miggles sounds a deep warning in her address. History shows us that a high school education is entirely useless. Caesar never had one, neither did Brutus. Charlemagne never went to high school. Even our own Abraham Lincoln never went to high school, neither did I, so why should any one else care to go to high school?

4. Charlie Lee, laundryman—Miss Miggles allee lightee. Today we gottee big ploposition. Allee dumbells which go to highlee school stay so long they gettee be fifty-hundled years old when allee leady and they never do work. Me no go highlee schoolee. Me succeedee allee light.

5. L. H. Smith, soda slinger—A high school education is quite unnecessary. I started to have one but I was asked to desist for which I am now very grateful. Today I can surpass any man in my line, having been at it for fifty years. Since I have needed no high school education to succeed in life, why should any one else?

AN IDEAL PHYSICS TEST

By Debby Sachs

1. What is the resistance of a bed spring coil? Why?

2. Given the time T and the number of crumbs, to determine the currants in an ordinary cookie.

3. If the coefficient of friction is 98.7, what are the chances of sliding thru this course?

4. When R is the resistance, and T is the time, how long should it take you to tell her good-by, if R is practically zero?

(Answer any three questions, including the fourth. Everyone should know No. 4.)

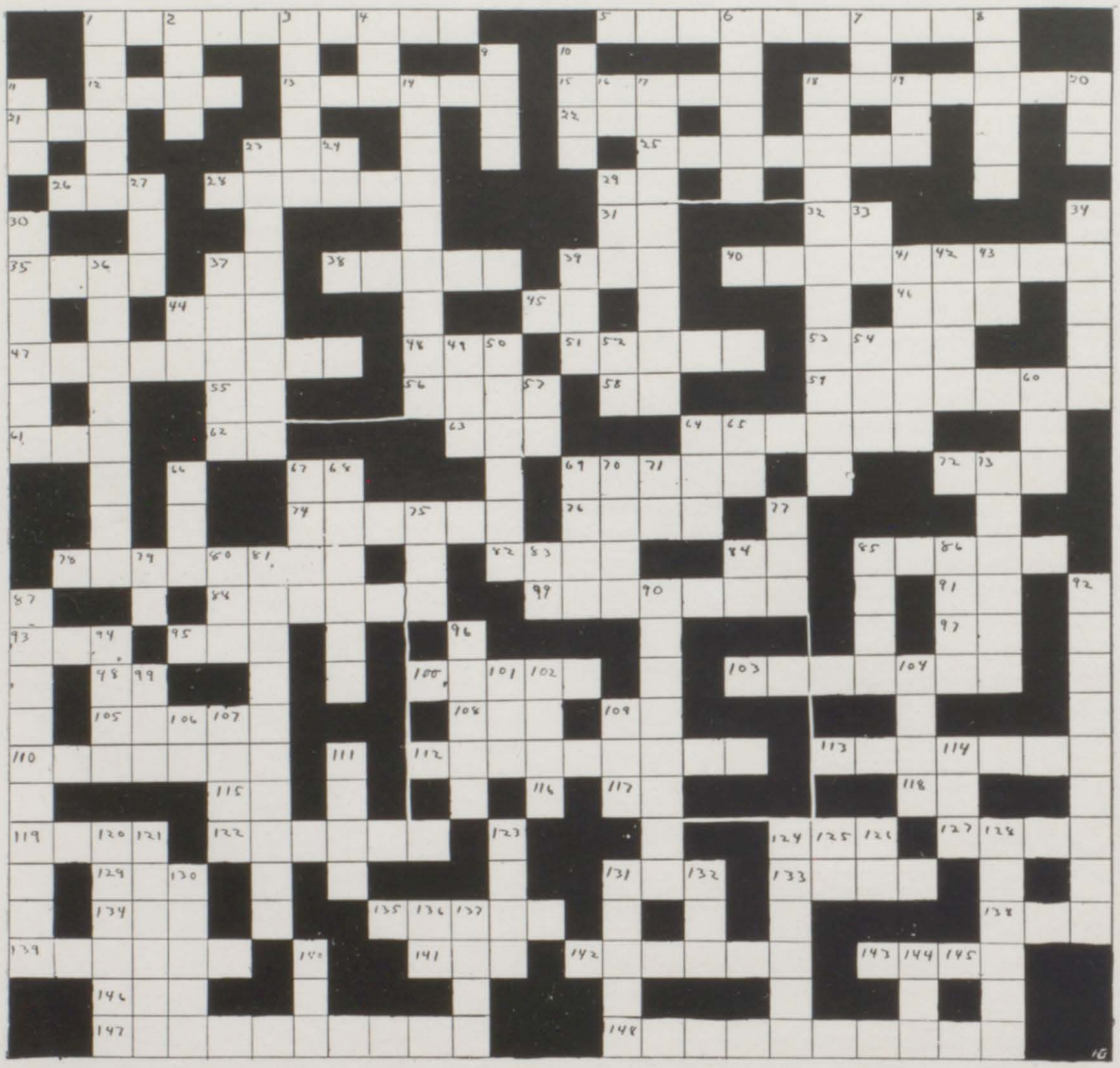


Senior "Cross-Woids"

Try to Solve It, and Lose Some Sleep!

Constructed by Willard Bleick.
Definitions by
Jack Feldmann and Werner Lederer

This puzzle contains last names of Seniors and other words:



Horizontal

1. Silence is golden (fem.).
5. King of Macedonia and son (masc.).
12. Short and sweet (fem.).
13. Our noted scribe (fem.).
15. Condensed (fem.).

Vertical

1. Fatima's brother (masc.).
2. What our parents do when they see our cards.
3. Comparative of a hot place (fem.).
4. Even (poetic).
6. Surgeon's knife (fem.).

THE OPTIMIST

Horizontal

18. Perfection of the marcel wave (masc.).
21. 1 B's spelling of "come."
22. Lion (1 A Latin).
23. Fifth sign of Zodiac.
25. Chemical Wizard (?) (masc.).
26. What we often do on test papers.
28. Some bird! (masc.).
29. Not out.
31. Price of one trolley ride (abbr.).
32. Cutter's Society (abbr.).
35. August (C'mon, you French studes!).
37. Captain of the Guard (abbr.).
38. "Sid" (masc.).
39. A relation (1 B version).
40. The early bird (masc.).
44. All the girls wear it that way.
45. While.
46. A chew (colloq. for a long conversation).
47. Cicero the second (masc.)
48. "Twenty cents a mile."
51. Has long hair (fem.)
53. First to see rainbow ("It Ain't Gonna Rain No More.").
55. How we usually start our recitations.
56. Natural elevation.
58. Conjunction.
59. Future residents of Hades.
61. We often do it to get to our classes on time.
62. No good (abbr.).
63. Refer to No. 22.
64. To itch.
67. Page (abbr.).
69. The Girl Scout.
72. The effect that the thought of exams has on us.
74. A metrical foot (How we always loved to study about it!).
76. Prefix meaning air.
78. Clergyman er (fem.).
82. Cows (Archaic form.).
84. Third note of diatonic scale.
85. "Whose Izzy Is He?"
88. Lefthanded Spanish shark (masc.).
89. The long-legged sheik.
91. Worthless (abbr.).
93. What is given to undesirable people.
95. Spermatophyte belonging to the Conifera Family.
97. Civil Engineer (abbr.).
98. Denoting possession.
100. Antiquated by wireless (masc.).
103. Kute Kid (fem.).
105. Black.
108. Sons of American Revolution (abbr.).
109. "The Ham what ——?"
110. "Eppie" (masc.).

Vertical

7. Author of "The Gold Bug."
8. Look for her cartoons in this issue (fem.).
9. A sharp knife is *some* cutter.
10. Thank goodness he's not Wilder.
11. Highest card in suit.
14. Thistle-bush (Deutsch).
16. Again (prefix).
17. Red-headed papa (masc.).
18. "Lomo" for short (masc.).
19. Noise.
20. Slang for a Bolshevist.
23. "Phat and Phunny" (masc.).
24. Old Testament (abbr).
27. Sunken track.
29. Tavern.
30. Toot's husband (masc.).
33. Reflexive (Lat., Fr., Span.).
34. Twelve dozen (fem.).
36. Advertising manager for "Stacomb" (masc.).
37. Often called "Dora" by mistake (masc.).
39. Beast of burden.
41. A derrick (fem.).
42. Harold Lloyd's sister.
43. Worthless (abbr.).
44. Bachelor of Science (abbr.).
49. To feel sick.
50. The mathematical wizard (masc.)
52. Towards.
54. A mythical by-product of the banana indjustry.
57. Behold!
60. A kind of bread.
64. 1 and 1.
65. Not out.
66. Inevitable with a collar.
67. Often thrown in the movies.
68. That red-headed gal.
69. Been (Swedish).
70. Stagger.
71. Conjunction.
73. Roly-poly (fem.)
75. A coffee cake.
77. Slang for "can."
79. One of Jupiter's flames.
80. Snow skate.
81. Paderewski's rival (fem.).
83. That little word that means so much.
84. Mother (colloq.).
85. Lake (Scotch).
86. The time that you'll try anything.
87. An Honor Roll stude (fem.).
90. Country on E. coast of Adriatic.
92. A huge floating mass made of green ice (masc.).
94. Champion eraser slinger in Room 58 (masc.).

112. Land Property of a King (fem.).
113. A president, a football star, and a champion cutter to boot.
115. 3.1416.
117. And (Lat.).
118. Behold!
119. Fragrant and medicinal exudation from certain trees.
122. "Dumb but happy" (fem.).
124. Definite article.
127. Man-eating demon (not exams.).
129. Fish of elongated form.
131. To use articulate utterance in ordinary voice.
133. A small part.
134. South American Monkey.
135. One a day keeps the doctor away (masc.).
138. Month of year (abbr.).
139. Dining table of horses or cows (masc.).
141. Shy.
142. Caraway Seeds—German (masc.).
143. Baby Blue Eyes (fem.).
146. Prefix meaning "not."
147. Another chemistry wizard (?).
148. The Class Wise Cracker (masc.).

96. Desert watering place.
99. Comes from drinking too many ice cream sodas (see Wilder).
101. Prohibition.
102. Therefore (Lat.).
104. Void's partner.
106. Verb of being.
107. Every girl likes to make them redder.
109. Fermented malt liquor.
111. Hit with whip.
114. The science of cutting up and studying pickled animals (abbr.).
120. Conspicuous by his silence (masc.).
121. An insufficient portion.
123. He handles the "dough" in the lunch room.
124. We recommend Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" (masc.).
125. Brand of oat meal.
126. And (Lat.).
128. Writes in Palmer Penmanship with his left hand (masc.).
130. Those who withheld the truth (1B spelling).
131. Noise made in using the olfactory organ.
132. Sweet potato.
136. Privy Council (abbr.).
137. Composition in verse.
140. A number rarely seen on our cards.
144. Even (poetic).

Note: The answers to this brain twister will be found in the January "Optimist."

Question Box

Dear Ed—How can I become clever?
G. Moskowitz.

Dear George—Just listen to some of Phillipson's remarks in geometry. Ed.

Dear Ed—How can I pass my French?
Fred Helmer.

Dear Fred—Don't worry, old boy, Miss Cummings wouldn't take another chance with you.
Ed.

Dear Ed—Why did Martha Goldberg change her name to Marthé? M. Cohen.

Dear Max—Marthé has not been taking French for nothing. Ed.

Dear Ed—What makes Uslander smile so much? S. Wilder.

Dear Sam—Ask him what kind of tooth paste he uses? Ed.

Dear Ed—What is the synonym for "wise crack?" J. Gorewitz.

Dear Joe—Why—er—"sophisticated crevice."
Ed.

Dear Ed—What makes D. Sachs blush when she goes thru the halls?
P. Fierstein.

Dear Phil—I think she's afraid somebody will propose to her. Ed.

Arthur Frey wonders why we seniors are so charitable when it comes to giving thanks, lending an ear, and giving a push, but why the opposite is true when it comes to paying dues.

Fierstein was walking in his new Sunday shoes and his father, who is of Scotch descent, said, "Philip, are those your new shoes?"

"Yes," said Philip.

"All right, my son," his father said, "then take longer steps."

FUTURE ALUMNI



•NORMAN•XANTLIUS•GREENFIELD•
A GREAT ART CRITIC AND
•PLUMBING EXPERT•



•MR. GEORGE
HAMBURGER•
SCHENKEL•
HOT DOG ARTIST•



WERNER
J. CAESAR
LEDERER
RENOWNED
FASHION PLATE
AND SHEIK•



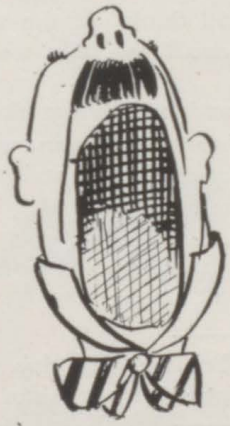
•LAWRENCE•S•HOPKINS•
CURTIS•ROSENBAUM•
HUMORIST FOR THE
KING OF KONGO•



H. SAM•$•WILDER
FAMOUS BANKER
AND ONE OF THE
"400"- STREET CLEANERS•



HON. JACK
Q. JAMES, FELDMANN
WHO RETAINS HIS
HEIGHT AND DIGNITY•



JOSEPHUS•ALUSIUS
VAN•GIRGALATS•MORRIS•
FAMOUS BERRI-TONE•
BERNIE CRAD



"WEARY" ANDRIUS
P. RAMAGLIA
NOTED KNIGHT
OF THE ROAD•



•Z•SAMUEL• STRONGHEAD•
•MUKULAR•BRUTUS•
HOLZMAN• WELL
KNOWN PHYSICAL
CULTURE XPERT•

Substitute: Where is Estelle Fischer?
Martin: You can't see her because she's so small.

Bruck: Why are you always holding your feet out in the aisle?
Caspar: Can't you see my new shoes?

TO ——

By Peggy Wood

One teacher here is very nice,
I like his classes much;
He is fair to every kind,
Be they British, French or Dutch.

He talks and talks all period,
And we, we listen well;
But what it is he talks about
We really cannot tell.

A MUSICIAN'S CATECHISM

Question: What is your advice to boys?
Answer: B sharp.
Q.: To girls?
A.: B natural and avoid airs.
Q.: Which is the most appropriate key for water music?
A.: "C."
Q.: With what do you decorate your waist?
A.: With a band.
Q.: What note helps in the dark?
A.: The leading note.
Q.: What medicine do you take?
A.: A tonic.
Q.: What note unlocks your door?
A.: The key note.
Q.: With what do you tie your boxes?
A.: With cords.
Q.: Name the smallest drum?
A.: The drum of the ear.
Q.: Who is your good fairy?
A.: The metronome.
Q.: Which key is in the army?
A.: The major.
Q.: What do you lean on in walking?
A.: The staff.
Q.: Name the anatomical instrument?
A.: The trom-bone.
Q.: Name some of the useful members of the orchestra?
A.: Strings.
Q.: How do you weigh your motives?
A.: In scales.
Q.: What is your opinion of this cat-echism?
A.: A fiddle-stick.

The South Side teacher who tells his pupils and scholars not to study or smoke just before retiring is entitled to believe his advice will be heeded in part.

We had submitted some of our efforts to the Chairman of the Personal Board of The Senior Optimist and after a week's time we received the following reply from him:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before—others we have not seen yet."

After seeing our friend, Jack Dempsey, before and after he had his nose remodeled, we think it would not be a bad idea for the Senior Class to vote an appropriation from the Class *Treasury* for the purpose of an operation upon the nasal organ of our illustrious classmate, Mr. Samuel "Callahan" Holzman.

Altho only a few seniors know of it, a committee of four has been appointed to consider the possibility of such an operation. After three weeks of careful and serious consideration, observation, and study, the committee has unanimously decided that the result of such a surgical task, tho very delicate, could be nothing but successful.

The two obstructions now in the path of the committee are the possible refusal of Mr. Holzman to undergo such a painful operation and the all-important matter of the enormous expense of the operation. Altho the *Treasury* has a surplus of a few hundred thousand in pawn tickets, the cost of the bill will put a good-sized dent in our pocketbook. *This* must be deeply considered, contemplated, deliberated, examined and studied, after which the committee must meditate, ponder, reflect, and think. If the selected group still survives it *must* carefully weigh the subject.

But, between you and me, when the class learns the cost of this beauty treatment we think it will unnanimously decide that Captain Sam is indeed naturally handsome.

Teacher: What dative is this?
Pupil: Genitive of the whole!

Canaries sing well; but the glee club sings a trifle better. More honors for our Alma Mater.

Shapiro (during chem. experiment on iodin): What are you getting all that iodin on your hand for Frank?
Martin: So that the won bees will think I am a football player.

IDEAL EXAMINATIONS

History—

Where was the Battle of Tippecanoe fought?
What was the date of the Compromise of 1820?
Where was Lincoln's Gettysburg Address delivered?
Where did U. S. Grant buy his cigars?
Why didn't Robert E. Lee shave?
Why was Lincoln gawky?
Why did George Washington have false teeth?
Give the cause for the World War.

English—

Who wrote Wordsworth's "Tinturn Abbey?"
What form of Spencerian verse is Spencer's "Faerie Queen"?
Give your honest opinion of poetry.

Latin—

Translate this passage if you feel like it. Remember just memorizing a pony doesn't show that you are a Latin student.
This prose can be done if you haven't any other way to waste time.
This sight passage was put here to let you guess how many English derivatives are in it.

Zoology—

What makes a worm wiggle?
Where did you get the idea man was higher than monkey?

Gym Teacher: All odd numbers move forward. What's the matter with you Ross, aren't you odd?

Gorewitz: No, he's curious.

Playing Safe

Chem. Teacher: All those who think that this statement is true raise their hands.

The majority of the class responds in the affirmative.

Teacher (to Tillis, who has not raised his hand): What's your reason for keeping your hand down?

Tillis: Well, Bleick didn't raise his hand.

Langburg: I had some drag with that teacher.

Willsky: How's that?

Langburg: One day she pulled me way up to the office.

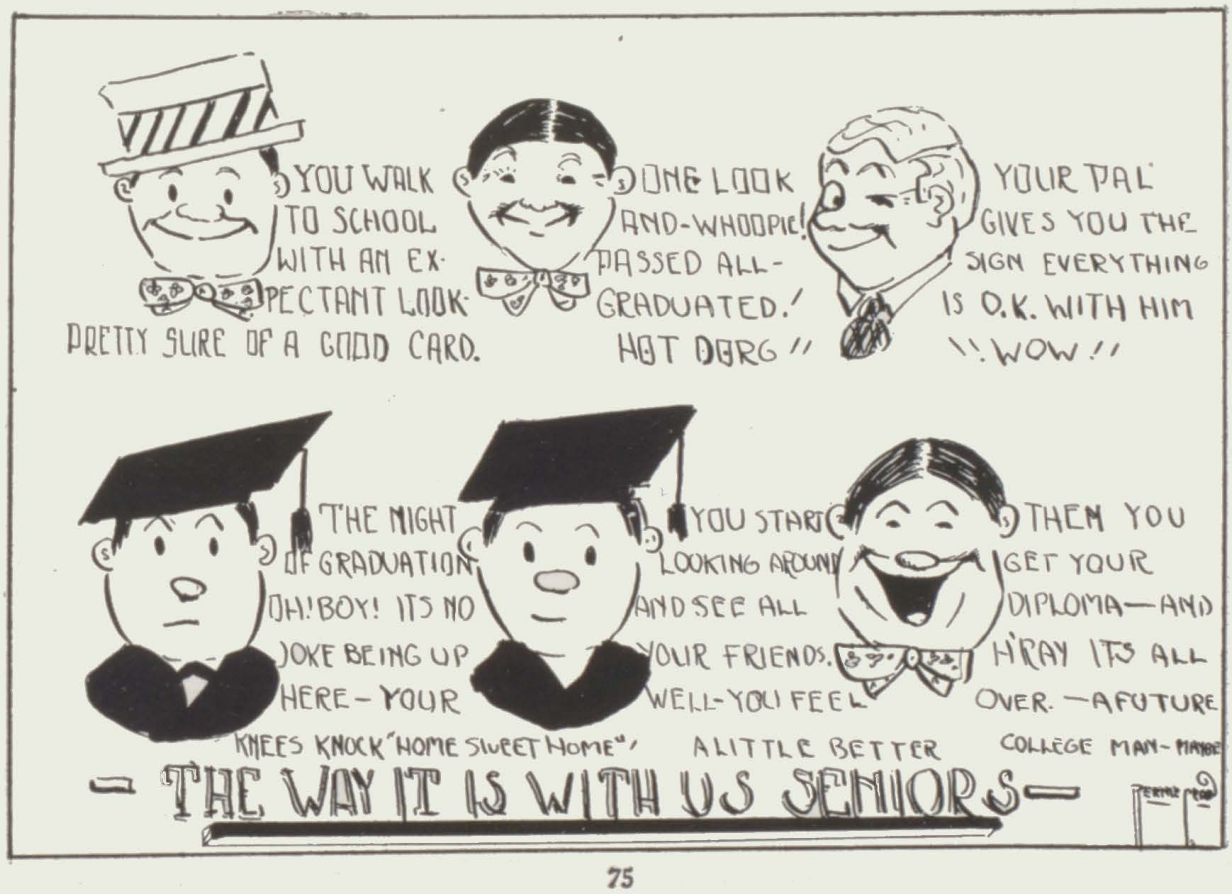
Chemistry Teacher: Does every one in the class understand that equation?

Class: Yes.

Teacher: To make sure, I'll ask Pickarsky.

Teacher: When did Columbus discover America?

Estelle Fischer: I know that; ask me something hard.



Democracy Teacher: I will now go on with my little talk —— all seriousness aside ——.

Famous Sayings

Fierstein: Pay your dues.

Gorewitz: Get your tickets here.

Teacher (4-A): Be sure to get your pictures taken this week.

Gottfried: Did you do your chemistry homework?

Govendo: She surely is a "pip."

Martin: I'll smack you right down.

Appel: I don't know.

Frances Bochner: We didn't get home until early in the morning.

Cohen: Do you have to write in ink?

Lucille S. Strauss: Do you know any jokes?

"Jap" Halprin: Yay! Interstate!

Helmer: Peep! Peep!

"Debby" Sachs: Ha! Ha! Ha!

A Senior *translating* Chaucer: ——— and he had pimples all over his face with little eyes.

One morning after Cohn and Feldmann had filed out of the class room en route to the lunch room "Car," the democracy teacher uttered the following remark: "They go out for bottles now, as of yore; but they are different kinds of bottles."

Martin doesn't have to wait until April to make a fool of himself.



FIRST NIGHTERS AT GRADUATION

By Debby Sachs

How much? My, it must be a good program. I wonder if they rented those suits? Don't they look sweet? Just like scarecrows. Why don't they direct you to the right seat in the first place. Ten minutes to wait. No advertisements in the program. How interesting! I wish those kids upstairs would hold on to their crackers, and stop yelling out loud. They'll yell thru the whole show. Here comes the orchestra. What pretty hair the leader has. Will they ever quit that noise! I hope this is better than the last one so the seniors won't have anything to crab about. The curtain! Singers are pretty, but none too confident. Hope the music improves. Male lead sings well enough. Ah! At last, a plot. Who is that end girl on the right? Why can't people get here on time? There goes my hat and oh! my toe. That's a pretty song, costumes are also pretty. I wish that orchestra leader would stop waving his arms and quit moving his head around so much. Hasn't he pretty hair tho? Intermission already. Who's in the wrong seat? Well, here's where they put me and here's where I'll stay. Yea. Here's my stub. Glad that's over. Program continuing. Gee! That end girl on the right certainly is pretty. Pardon me. Why don't you pull your feet in? How do you like it, etc.? No, I didn't get a pass out check. That girl is certainly good looking. Must be from out of town. Why don't they sing again? Wonder what jokes they left out. I'll have to get an introduction to that girl. Finale. Where's my hat! A new Stetson from Truly Warner's. Quit pushing. If I don't see you again—Well, Hello—Good Night.

Given: Midnight oil and toil,
Results in graduation.
Given: Fun and jollity
Results in flunktuation.

Johnnie One Bee: Teacher's pet!

Willie One Bee: No, do they?

Evelyn Ahrendt: Did you get that Physics problem?

Samuel Wilder: Surely.

E. A.: Heavens, you're smart!

S. W.: Please don't remind me of it.

Estelle Fischer: Oh, I have just been thinking about something but it has drifted out of my mind.

Mollie Wenger: H-m "Driftwood," I suppose.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE (?)

Horizontal (That's across).

1. Reason for the fall of Rome.
2. The left over (abbr.).
3. In the arms of Morpheus.
4. The ghost of a chance.
5. Law and order.
6. The day we celebrate.
7. Lower regions.
8. Mysterious organization (abbr.).
9. The condition of our heads.
10. What this is.

Answers

1. Prose.
2. P. G.
3. Classes.
4. Re-exam.
5. Study.
6. Graduation Day.
7. Gym.
8. G. O.
9. Empty.
10. Fierce.

Vertical (That's downward)

1. Utopia.
2. Evelyn Ahrendt.
3. Brain twister.
4. Where most of us are going.
5. Our photographs.
6. All tens (slang).
7. Lunch-room products.
8. Largest part of us.
9. Result of cramming.
10. This.

Answers

1. Graduation.
2. Blonde.
3. Exam.
4. Undecided.
5. Sickening.
6. Bunk.
7. Questionable.
8. Feet.
9. Headache.
10. End.

The old saying, "needles and pins, needles and pins, when a man marries his trouble begins," is true. We advise certain Seniors to take heed to this before it is too late.

Heard in Music

At the end of a record.

Anna Sissman: I like that oboe, don't you?

Mildred Kingsland (anxiously): Who is he?

Teacher (in Chemistry): If you inhale too much chlorine, and you feel you need succor, why——

Voice (from class): Call the ambulance.

Teacher: I trust I make myself plain?

Ross (in a low voice): Not necessary. Nature attended to that for you.

Teacher: Now go straight home.

Rosenbaum: I can't. I live around the corner.

Teacher: What is it that makes statesmen great?

Lederer: Death!

Teacher (handing back papers, when arriving at Schechner's marked '86'): This must have been a very easy test, so many of you have received such good marks.

Wilder (the philosopher): Did you ever stop to think how much life resembles a piece of machinery?

Schenkel: No; how's that?

Wilder: At every turn, you find a crank.

E. Ahrendt: Why does a small cavity always seem so large to the mouth?

Dentist: I guess it's just the natural tendency of the tongue to exaggerate.

There's a rime about a candle—the longer it stands the shorter it grows; but applied to Jack Feldmann it is, the longer he stands the longer he grows.

Jack Feldman and Debby had been quarreling.
Jack said: Debby, you'll drive me to drink.
And Jack walked out for his milk.

Lilian Rittenband: Gee, my arch hurts.

Debby Sachs: Take your shoe off and step on it.

Apologies to Mother Goose

Dickory, dickory dare,
The Seniors walked on air,
But cards passed round soon brought them down,
Dickory, dickory dare.

Senior tears and Senior fears
Will make us old before our years.

Autographs

Autographs

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PICTURE?

A Naive Tale

(In fact it's the only one of its kind)

Once upon a time, a senior went into a neighborhood store to secure an advertisement. No sooner had she stepped inside the door, than the owner advanced toward her with a broad grin and extended arms. Quoth he, "You're just the one I've been waiting for. You must let me give you a full page ad for THE OPTIMIST.

"With pleasure", she replied, for she had expected nothing less.

Next, she went into another store, and another and another. (The reader may supply as many "another's" as may suit his taste.) After making her rounds she returned home with her purse bulging with the day's receipts.

Soon the day came when she must hand in her ads to the class adviser. The number was so great that he had to refuse some of the ads so that the vast amount of wonderful material written for THE SENIOR OPTIMIST could all be put in.

Signed—PEARL SOLOMON,
President of the Ananias Club.

P. S.:—I forgot to say that those whose ads were refused were so heart-broken that they made the senior promise to put them in the next month's OPTIMIST.

Spector: Don't you like Goldberg's bow legs?
Wilder: Yes; they give him such an arch look.

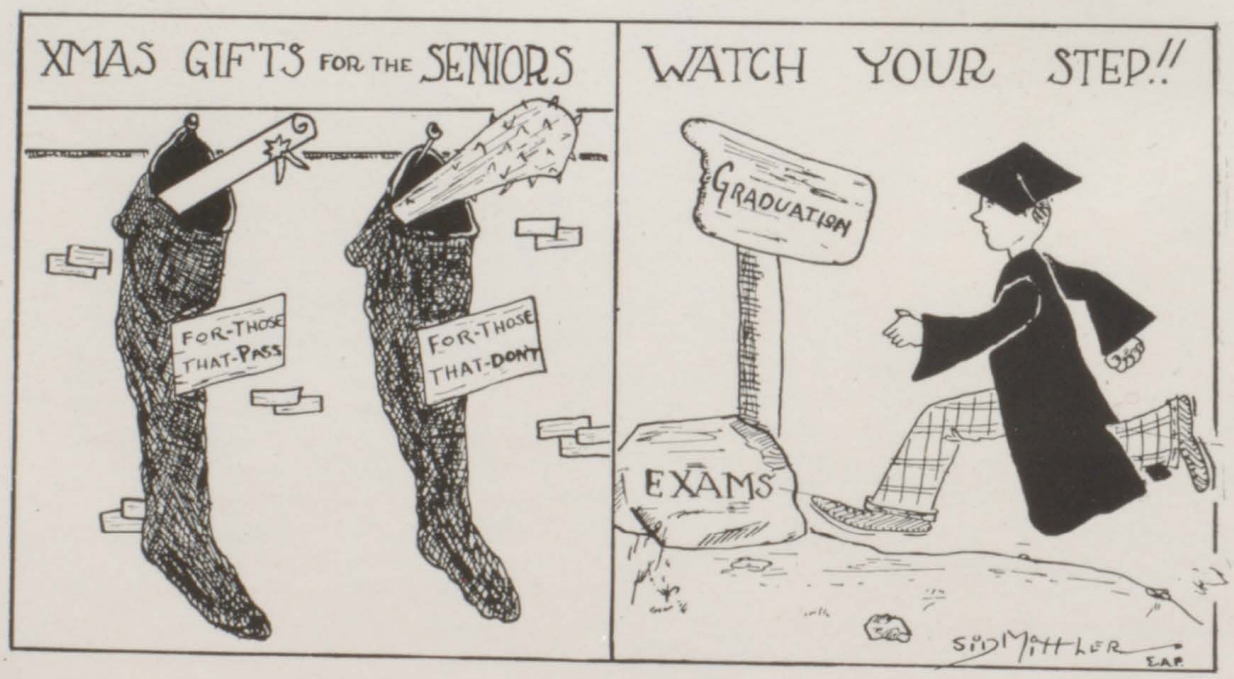
Distinguishing Things About Distinguished Seniors

Emma Mitchel's height.
Clarence Kohn's hair comb.
Edna Meister's eyebrows.
Jack Feldmann's legs.
Arthur Frey's curls.
Ruth Govier's poems.
Dot Murray's freckles.
Belle Cohn's report card.
Evelyn Ahrendt's light head.
Arthur McNickle's silence (in History).
Hulda Goeller's stories.
Sam Holzman's size.

Poular Songs as Dealing With South Side and South Siders

Mindin' My Business—Sylvia Landau.
A Smile Will Go a Long, Long Way—Marthé Goldberg.
Two Blue Eyes—Mary Heeb.
Going South—To South Side.
Linger Awhile—Max Langberg.
I Love the Girl That Kisses—Leonard Uslander.
Yes-Yes In Your Eyes—Dorothy Murray.
Wow—Frank Martin.
From One to Two—Detention.
After the Storm—Returning of report cards.

The world is astonished by a remarkable discovery made by one of our class. Fiorito, the eminent chem expert, has just found out that water is round.



ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK

By Anna Reynolds

Room 105 Presents
AMERICA

A thrilling story of the United States. Directed by Miss Teacher. Admission sevens and eights.

Room 50 Presents
THE OLD SEA DOG

Adapted from the story of the Ancient Mariner, by Coleridge. Story of the sea guaranteed to make you think. Mr. H— directing. Admission one (1) test per month.



Room 216 Offers
LATEST THING IN JAZZ CONCERTS

Played by the Phonograph Orchestra. Selections from the famous Wagner, Mendelssohn, and others. Admission half hour homework each night.

Room 210 Presents
THRILLS, PUZZLES, SURPRIZES

Professor Pointer will demonstrate his powers in changing triangles to squares, circles, etc.

Room 112 Presents
WORLD FAMOUS RODEO

See the three celebrated ponies, Virgil, Cicero, and Caesar. See them do their wondrous stunts.

Room 104 Presents Series of Lectures on
OLD SPAIN, AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS

These lectures will be illustrated in text-books.

Rooms 209 and 208 Offers
A FLOWER AND PLANT SHOW

In connection with semi-annual animal show. The show will contain many relics of past years, e. g., ancient grasshopers, and crawfish preserved from the time of the "Seven Plagues."

Rooms 201 and 202 Offer
JOINT ART EXHIBIT

Cartoons, Masterpieces, Prints, and many other forms of art. Patrons are requested to come early as a large crowd is expected, owing to this exhibit's being free.

Room 203 Offers Special Lectures on
COOKERY IN THE HOME

Free samples. Life insurance policies sold as a side line.

Room 59 Presents
ECONOMIC DEBATE

Resolved, That detention shall be done away with.

Students—Affirmative. Study Hall Teachers—Negative.

Gym Teacher: Hey there, why aren't you running?

Gorewitz: Can't, I have a sore finger.

SENIOR SHOWS

"The Busybody"—Werner Lederer.
"Be Yourself"—Evelyn Ahrendt.
"I'll Say She Is"—Estelle Fischer.
"Ziegfeld Follies"—Marthé Goldberg, Belle Cohen, Pearl Solomon, Edna Hirschberg.
"The Guardsman"—Mr. Myers.
"The Saint"—Hulda Goeller.
"Cock o' the Roost"—Fred Ross.
"In His Arms"—Debby Sachs.
"The Red Falcon"—"Red" Schwartz.
"The Miracle"—Some of us graduating.
"High Stakes"—Caps and Gowns.
"The Show Off"—Samuel Wilder.
"The Farmer's Wife"—Freda Paster.
"The Haunted House"—South Side.
"Lazybones"—"Andy" Ramaglia.
"The Far Cry"—January 31.
"The Fake"—Everybody Getting 9 for Final Marks.
"The Grab Bag"—Diplomas.
"The Little Angel"—Emma Mitchel.
"Strange Bed Fellows"—Sidney Kabel, Harold Epstein, Harold Perlmutter.
"What Price Glory"—Report Cards.
"Vanities of 1924"—Frances Bochner, Yetta Weissman, Cecilia Priester.
"Dream Girl"—Mary Heeb.
"Little Miss Bluebeard"—Sara Spitkove.
"Shipwrecked"—Philip Fierstein.
"The Best People"—Honor Roll Students.
"Izzy"—Israel Lyons.
"Top-Hole"—The last month, January.
"Desire"—To Graduate.
"The Fast Worker"—Willard Bleick.
"The Turmoil"—The night of graduation.
"Artist and Models"—Lawrence Rosenbaum, Lucille Strauss, Leonard Uslander, Lenore Hahn.
"Blind Alley"—Our Future.
"The Steam Roller"—Final Exams.
"The Passing Show"—Our Class.
"Little Jesse James"—Ruth Lancit.
"He Who Gets Slapped"—Those Who Don't Graduate.
"Peter Pan"—Alice Swanson.

Teacher: You are not original enough, you follow the author too much.

Graber: It isn't my fault that I'm so good that you think I write like the author.

Joe: You don't, eh? It was his windpipe. Somebody stepped on his pipe at the game.

Jack: I don't see why he'd have to go to the hospital for that.

Joe: You don't eh? It was his windpipe.

Heard at a Football Game

Late Arrival: What's the score?
Early Arrival: Nothing to nothing.
Late Arrival: Must be a good game, eh?
Early Arrival: I don't know, the game hasn't started yet.

WHEN HOLZMAN PLAYS THE GAME

I.

There's a thud of falling bodies, in the chill October air.
Can't you hear it? On the level it's a sign
That the mighty ranks are broken, and the surest sort of token
That "Hoary-Headed" Holzman's buck the line.

II.

Now the great throng sits in silence, 'neath the shadow of the stand.
Then you hear it—hear the shouting of the mass.
While the boys in blue are tumbled and the enemy is humbled
As Holzman intercepts a forward pass.

III.

There's a sound of frenzied voices bursting from each seat and tier,
Comes a moment now to try a strong man's soul—
Then a roar like distant thunder as of heavens burst asunder,
For "Hoary-Headed" Holzman's kicked the goal.

SOUTH SIDE BLUES

(To the Tune of Limehouse Blues)

By Pearl Solomon

Oh! South Side High
Oh, oh! Oh! South Side High,
You are the one who we're goin' to pass by
In future years when our studies are o'er;
Sighin' and cryin', we'll go by your door.
Oh, South Side Blues,
We've those real South Side Blues.
Learned from the 'Lumni those old school-time blues.
Freshie to Senior, four years soon fly by;
And that is the story of old South Side High.

In Geometry

Teacher: Give me a ruler.
Govendo: King Louis XVI.

THE BED POST

Published in New York City by the Optimistic Blues Company

Patent Applied For

Entered as second class matter August 34th, 1946.

Limberger, Pa., Aug. 34th.

Returns of the recent election here show that the election for the office of assistant dog-catcher has resulted in a tie between Joseph Gorewitz, running on the Ku Klux Klan ticket, and Jerome Goldstein, of the Farmer-Labor Party. Next week, it is reported, another election will take place, in which it is hoped a decision will be reached. Both these candidates are of practically equal ability; Gorewitz has already served in one position of trust, being elected last year to the high office of door tender at the 13th precinct police station. On the other hand, Goldstein has served his country in the recent war, having been commissioned as stable sweeper of the 3rd Regiment. We are sure that no matter which one of the two honorable (?) candidates is elected, the office of assistant dog-catcher will not be vacant next year, and will be creditably filled.



Professor – "What is density?
Helen Ruth – "I can't define it, but I can give you an illustration"
Professor – "Illustration is good"

Skunkville, Mass., Aug. 31st.

A beauty contest was held here last week under the auspices of the G. A. R. Post No. 147¾, Veterans of the Spanish-American War, and was won by the pulchritudinous Alice Swanson. This fair maid amassed a total of 137 votes, almost twice as many as her nearest contender, Evelyn Ahrendt, who received 135. Miss Swanson will receive, as a token of her beauty, an Ingersoll Midget, valued at $1.00. She will also receive a collapsible rolling pin, donated by the ever popular Maques Q. Kone, president of the Post. Miss Ahrendt will receive as her gift a second-hand sardine can, which, it is hoped, since it is practically new, having been used only once, she will use to her best advantage.

Fanniehurst, N. J., Aug. 33rd.

A record flight of 2,467 miles was attempted this afternoon by Major X. Jehosophat Feldmann, the eminent aviator. The major attempted to break the world's record of 2,466 miles, held by General Nuisance, of Italy. The major used a Durham Durplex, with a 400 Ford-power Liberty motor. He hopped off at 5:45 Middle Western time, and was back at 5:30, Middle Atlantic time. When he descended the major was blue with cold, altho his nose was still red from the effects of the night before. His altimeter showed that he had attained the astounding height of 2,465 feet, thus almost equalling the world's record (of 2,466 miles).

Special Announcement

For the special benefit of those who wish to maintain a neat personal appearance, a new beauty parlor has been opened at No. 13 Easy Street. Our specialty will be restoring hope to those who feel they can never more attain that manly beauty or maidenly pulchritude for which they have been so long vainly striving. We will do our work while you wait. If you do not feel like waiting, leave your face here, and call for it later. Enjoy our easy credit plan. Come in and have your ears tucked in, your nose bobbed, your face ironed out, your eyebrows pressed, and your eyes shined up. You will never (be able to) regret it!

Mildred Rebenfeld: It's against the law to build fires in New Jersey.

Mildred Kingsland: Oh, the place I want to build one is in Irvington.

Christmas comes but once a year. High school graduation once in a life time.

BEDTIME STORY FOR SENIORS

By the Wise Owl

(Copyright S. S. H. S.)

Whooo? Whooo? Why, it's your old friend the Wise Owl. Here I am again to tell you stories; but before I begin I want to broadcast a few personal messages.

Hello there, Sammy Holzman, that was fine playing at the East Side game. (I'm not referring to the band.) Keep it up Sam. You may be a star yet. Who can tell? Stranger things have happened. Now then, Debby Sachs, I certainly appreciated that little note you sent me, and I would suggest that you study harder if you wish to pass that history test of which you spoke.

Evelyn Ahrendt, I've not had very good reports about you. I believe you're not as careful as you should be. Don't you think you can be more careful not to fall into boys' arms?

Sorry, children, to have kept you waiting for this story, I hope you'll forgive me. Now then—

Once upon a time not so very long ago, there was a wonderful school. It was the finest in the country, and its enrolment was exceedingly large. The school had a great variety of courses to choose from, among which were: a Detective Course, Public Speaking Course, Expert Engineers' Course, Inventors' Course, Rat Catchers' Course, and so on, too numerous to mention. The students who attended were fond of the school and were seldom burdened with long assignments, because the teachers did not believe in them for fear of disastrous results, such as brain fever. If a pupil was unable to answer his lesson, it was not counted against him. In addition to being such a fine school, it had an excellent record for scholarship. Every Senior had been on the honor roll at least twenty-five times; and when graduation came every one received a diploma. Often the faculty had difficulty in determining who should be Valedictorian for the graduating class, because of the close averages. Take it all in all it was an ideal corresponding school.

My story is now finished, but if any one would like special information about this school they can have same by addressing your letters to

WISE OWL,
Southwest Tower,
South Side High School,
Newark, N. J.

Next week the story will be entitled, "How to cut and get away with it;" that is if the inkwells in Room 105 are filled. Good Night.

Glee Club Aspirant: When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for this?

Teacher: Stuff cotton in your ears.

Football Player: Time out! I lost another tooth!

Captain: Next time swallow them and don't be holding up the game.

Wise Senior in History Class: What did Sir Walter Raleigh say to Queen Elizabeth?

She: Step on it, step on it, kid.

Senior (enters a clothing store to buy a new suit for graduation): What's this suit worth?

Storekeeper: Fifty dollars.

Senior: All right, I'll take it on account.

Storekeeper (getting scared): On account of what?

Senior: On account of my other being worn out.

What Seniors Sing As They Grasp Their Diplomas

The Bright Boy: "To Have, to Hold and to Love."

One Not So Bright: "That's How I Need You."

The Fellow Who Just Got By: "Somebody's Wrong."

The Five-Year Student: "After the Ball Is Over."

The Unworthy Fellow: "You Know You Belong to Somebody Else."

The Fellow Who Flunked: "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows."

Marthé Goldberg: Isn't Sam Holzman a handsome brute?

The only draw-back to a successful high school career is the report card.

Facts

A girl who goes to the ice cream parlor with a boy: Give me a strawberry frappe with pecan nuts and cream.

A girl who goes alone: Give me a soda.

Alice Swanson: I helped mother dry the dishes.

Frances Bochner: Don't work so hard; it isn't being done.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

By Anna Reynolds

Sept. 4—School opened and we rushed (?) back for a good early start.

Sept. 5—Edna Meister didn't do her homework.

Sept. 8—Settled down after several changes here and there.

Sept. 9—Phillipson had his hair marceled.

Sept. 10—Molly Wenger knew her English. Quite a change.

Sept. 11—Special Defense Day Services in Assembly.

Sept. 12—Mr. Howe cracked his first joke this term.

Sept. 15—A Monday and not much homework done, as usual.

Sept. 16—"When I was a child I spake as a child," etc.—once more.

Sept. 17—4 A class election. A noisy time was had by all.

Sept. 18—Marthé Goldberg lost her tongue and couldn't go home without it.

Sept. 19—The picture of the Prince of Wales was hung in our corridor. A group of girls soon gathered.

Sept. 22—Ruth Briggs left her compact at home. We couldn't recognize our little Ruth.

Sept. 23—Nomination of G. O. candidates. South Side orators raised their voices on high.

Sept. 24—G. O. elections. You all know the results.

Sept. 25—Buelah Van Volkenburgh wore a new pussy cat bow.

Sept. 26—Friday. No school till Monday.

Sept. 29 and 30—Holidays. The school was like a morgue.

Oct. 1—Tie for G. O. president broken. Sam got it.

Oct. 2—Election of Senators.

Oct. 3—Our first football game.

Oct. 6—Received our first marks. For better or for worse.

Oct. 7—Dot Murray had a birthday.

Oct. 8—Sam Wilder was unprepared for his classes.

Oct. 9—Somebody was absent.

Oct 10—Henrietta Stern rode to school in a teacher's car.

Oct. 13—Bloomfield beat us in football.

Oct. 14—Noisy Assembly (usual thing).

Oct. 15—E. Ahrendt found a penny.

Oct. 16—Cecilia Priester lost her lip-stick. (If found please return.)

Oct. 17—Nathan Fleischner was serious.

Oct. 18—We beat East Side 39—0.

Oct. 20—4A American History Test.

Oct. 21—Collection taken to get Pearl Solomon a hair-cut.

Oct. 22—Ruth Lancit, our elocutionist, recited "Jack and Jill" in a very dramatic manner.

Oct. 23—Rubin Poleshuck forgot to use his "Stacomb."

Oct. 24—Holzman knew his history lesson.

Oct. 27—Senior Optimist work due.

Oct. 28—Lilian Rittenband pestered her home room students for their dues.

Oct. 29—Werner Lederer began to rave about The Optimist to any one who would listen.

Oct. 30—Herman Tillis had his picture taken.

Oct. 31—Some one had detention.

Nov. 3—Cards and Assembly.

Nov. 5—Proofs returned. Some proofs!

Nov. 6—Senior Optimist meeting. It sure was a lecture.

Nov. 7—Andy Ramaglia had his shoes shined.

Nov. 10—Alice Swanson found a piece of apple in an apple fritter in the lunch room.

And so the year wears on, one event after another.

CURRANT'S HISTORY

International Law

BOBBED vs. LONG

On the other hand an amelioration of an international sore spot has begun. One of the Long Haired arguments of apparent potency against Bobbed Hair was that it did not stay curled in damp weather. The Permanent Wave was held up as the way to peace. The question was considered in the appointment room of the Beauty Parlor and was not decided upon, the reason being that Permanent Waving was a slow process. This year the report on the progress of new haircuts and shingles under the auspices of the Beauty Parlor showed twenty more nations of Bobbed Hairs negotiated thru the Beauty Parlor's intervention.

This year also the Long Hair delegation, feeling that the main heads of Bobbed Hair had been blocks to begin with, before the bobbing was done, introduced a resolution calling on the rest of the Long Hairs to invite comment favorable and otherwise on "the items or subjects of new coiffures which may be demonstrated with a view to use them at other international conventions in order to enable the Long Hairs to contribute in the largest possible measure to the pulchritude of the adverse sex." The resolution passed on February 30 contemplates conferences on cosmetics which promise vivid complexions and wan ones.

"Dance to your heart's content"

—2—
ORCHESTRAS
—2—

PARADISE

"THE BALLROOM MAGNIFICENT"

BROAD & HILL STS. NEWARK, N.J.



Continuous Dancing Every Night

"THE ORIGINAL DIXIE-LAND JAZZ BAND"

(Victor, Columbia, and Aeolian Record Artists)

HIGH SCHOOL HI-HOP

A Most Exquisite Dancing Party for Young Folks—Properly Supervised
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

COLLEGIATE NIGHT --- EVERY THURSDAY

AS WE ROLL ALONG

By Joseph Gorewitz

Two minutes to eight. Key gets stuck in locker. Finally the locker opens. Throw my Prince of Wales in. Rush up steps three at a time. Reach room panting like a race horse just when bell rings. Class looks glum. Always does before the last bell, probably thinking they should have done some home-work instead of going out last night. That reminds me, what was I supposed to do for English? About to ask Moskowitz but see Gottfried. Ask him what we have in French instead. Can't hear his answer. Noise of fellows talking about football, and girls jabbering like parrots about parties, dances, and "Isn't he nice," etc. Here in English class now. I'll be in Dutch if he calls on me. Imbibe some poetry and then gym. Meet Phil Fierstein, a husky brute, dandy tennis player, and ardent supporter of La Follette. Doesn't talk much since the election. And there's Jerry. Find Jerry and there's Phil, a Damon and Pythias act. Now fellows are throwing football. Football bounces toward Kuskin who's speaking to Schenkel. He throws it. I get it and whistle shrills. Who said I was lucky? Do Walter Camp's daily and ready for trig. Bleick hurries in. Mathematical genius. Used to solve those star problems in Schultze and Sevenoak in Intermediate Geom. Wish I were as cool as he is when taking a test. Somebody asks for solution of problem. Raise my hand. Put it on the board. Feel clever and Parmalee points out an error. Have to beat him in checkers for that. Bell rings. Excused. Pass 108. Fellows sitting there with long faces waiting for judgment. How's detention every day, etc. Well, now I'm in French. Have to give a resumé. Clara Dornbusch snickers. I wonder how I could do French if I had a cold in my nose. Sylvia Landau now gives a resumé. Bright girl. Was on debating team. Secretary of Class and on Senior Directory. Latin now. Interesting but takes hours to do. Mostly girls in class, only three fellows. Interesting class. "Dot" Murray in back of me translating now. Speaks in low voice. Then Leonora Gross. Only one on the honor roll thirty-five times, not so bad. Knows her work, no question about it. By this time Aeneas is safe and sound and the bell rings. Last period, history. Some class, every seat taken. Best athlete Sammy Holzman, and smartest guy Sammy Wilder. "Red" Cohen reciting. Been thru four years of high school with me. I'll miss him in my next few years here. Teacher calls on me. Bell rings. Saved by the bell. Up to home room. Dismissed and another day gone by.

SOUTH ORANGE PUBLIC LIBRARY
NEWARK, N. J.

A NEW OUTFIT, FELLOWS,



for the

CHRISTMAS VACATION!

Tog yourself out for the holidays. A whole week of good times, dances, parties, etc. are ahead of you.

A new Larkey suit or overcoat will make you look your best. We have a stunning selection of Collegiate Clothes that will fetch your eye. Just the style you want—at the price you wish to pay.

THE LARKEY CO.

CORNER MARKET AND HALSEY STREETS **NEWARK**

Open evenings till 9; Saturdays till 10:30

LITTLE JOHNNY'S FATE

By George Schenkel

Little Johnny Jones, as a freshman he did start
He did his homework faithfully, took ev'rything to heart,
At the end of the term, two nines, an eight, and a seven
Made his average firm, and sent his thoughts to heaven.

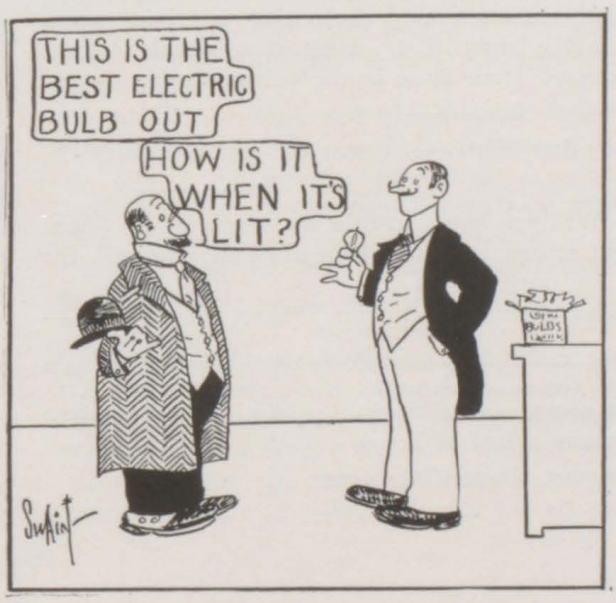
There goes Johnny Jones, he's now a sophomore,
His English all is fearful, the teacher is a bore,
He spent his time in cutting, and at the end of a year
His marks, they were so low, they made him sick with fear.

His third term started well, he tried to do his best,
The first two months came easy, 'til the boys began to jest;
Then our little Johnny, he was in an awful fix
For on his card that month appeared an eight, two sevens, a six.

Our Johnny is now a Senior, which makes him feel so great,
He wastes his time at dances, leaves everything to fate;
And now comes graduation, which makes some seniors laugh,
But little Johnny makes a vow: he'll get out in four and a half.

The moral of this poem is, little girls and boys,
Pass your evenings studying, do not look for joys,
And, if you do not heed my little warning true
The thing that ruined Johnny, will also ruin you.

NEWARK, N. J.



Countless Hostesses

have achieved a Reputation with the Cooperation of

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899 BROAD STREET
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INTERESTING NEWS FOR STUDENTS

We are sure the students of South Side High (or the students of any other school, for that matter) will be pleased to learn that a new book has just been published by the Reading, Riteing, and Co. entitled, "Excuses For Every Occasion." This little manuscript contains a collection of twenty-five excuses for either absence or tardiness. Besides the excuses themselves, the book contains directions for choosing the right excuse for the right time. Here is a sample excuse, selected from those in the volume itself.

Mr.———

My dear Miss —— (cross out improper title)
son———

Will you kindly excuse my daughter—— (cross out wrong sex, and fill in name of criminal) for
tardy
being absent (check your offense(on———
(write in day)
the———as he was obliged to remain
(date of month)
at home to mind the baby while I went downtown to buy a loaf of bread?

Respectfully yours,

———Mrs. ———

Chem Teacher: Does fluorin occur uncombined?

Joe Shifman: Yes, it is found uncombined in compounds.

———

Chem Teacher: CaF2 is the formulae for fluorspur.

Abe Halprin: Any relation to valspar?

———

This Is a Bird

Wilder: What is it that has wings, flies, eats worms and whistles "Yankee Doodle"?

"Gorry" (thinking hard): I give up.

Wilder: A bird.

"Gorry" (menacingly): But a bird doesn't whistle "Yankee Doodle."

Wilder: Any fool would know it's a bird otherwise. That's just to make it hard.

———

Translating French: Avoir beau d'appler: "To have a beaut of an apple."

———

Phillipson (collecting class dues): "Give me a quarter or give me death."

———

"Gorry" (after trying to sell football ticket to a stude): You hold your quarter so tight that the American Eagle screams.

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"OLD FAMILIAR FACES" IN 215

By Debby Sachs

"Feeling the Way I Do," said Lyons, "I Must Have Company."

"Ha! Ha! Don't Make Me Laugh," answers Andy.

Rosenbaum thinks that Lucille Strauss must have the "Forgetful Blues," but Lucille has this idea,—"What's Today Got to Do With Tomorrow?"

Fierstein keeps asking Epstein, "Where Is That Old Girl of Mine," and Epstein tells him that she's in "Shanghai," where "She's Everybody's Sweetheart."

Holzman reads his Morning Ledger "In the Candle Light," while Rosinsky keeps thinking of "An Orange Grove in California."

Altho Stark is a red-head, we are all sure that he's always dreaming of "That Red Head Gal."

"What'll I Do" asks Mollie Wenger, because she knows her paper is due to-day You should not have dwelt upon "Memories" Flora Mandelbaum tells her. Flo studied till "Three O'clock in the Morning"; left her "Romancing" for the "Morning After" and passed her test with a 10—.

"Nobody Loves You Like I Do," says Shpiner to Perlmutter.

Kestenbaum tells him to "G'wan With It."

"Dreamy Melody" and "Love Tales" have no effect on Ida Turkenitch and Freda Paster.

Abe Halprin believes in "Sittin' in the Corner."

If my thetory is correct—Mildred Kingsland, Mildred Kaelberer and Mildred Rebenfeld are not "The Girls That Men Forget."

Pickarsky is always "Mindin' My Business."

In Edna Levy's case we may apply "Laughing Eyes," while Anna Sissman is one of "The Sweet Quiet Kind."

I myself am convicted of being "A Panama Mamma."

History Teacher: Tell us something about Fort Sumter.

Clarence Kohn: Fort Sumter was discovered in 1492 and——

American History Teacher: By whom was the Mason and Dixon line, that famous line which separated the slave from the free states during the Civil War, laid?

Joe Morris: It was laid by Gallagher and Shean.

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We're losing all
Our beauty sleep
Get not a wink
At night;
We have to be
Most careful or
Our last term will
Take flight.
What is that high
Integrity
Our forefathers
Relate
When we must sit
Up nights because
We want to graduate.

I've almost lost
My patience and
My hair's become
Quite gray.
This menace dogs
My every step
And fills me with
Dismay.
There can't be peace
On earth again
And I can't thank
My Stars
Nor cease my watchful
Waiting till
I'm sure I graduate.

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Little Miss Muffet
Was out to rough it
In socks and knickers gay;
'Long came a bull
Of anger quite full
And scared little Miss Muffet away.

The Senior Class is unique (*some* word) in having a sort of war-cry. It can be heard often and from a great distance. It is almost unnecessary to tell you what this phrase is. Anyway, shift your eyes below:

Peep! Peep!

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"Lose a pound a day"—Estelle Fischer.

"I would not part with it for $10,000"—South Side High School (?).

"One happy day"—Graduation.

"The Brush waved-bob"—Mollie Wenger.

"On every woman's lips"—Lipstick.

"What a whale of a difference a few cents makes"—In the lunchroom.

"There's a reason"—Why we didn't graduate.

"Ask Dad, he knows"—Report Cards.

"The Secret of Drawing"—Norman Greenfield.

"Room for 5 toes"—Jack Feldmann's shoes.

"Their music sways a nation"—South Side's orchestra.

"Your future"—See class prophecy.

"Ten Years Ago"—We entered South Side.

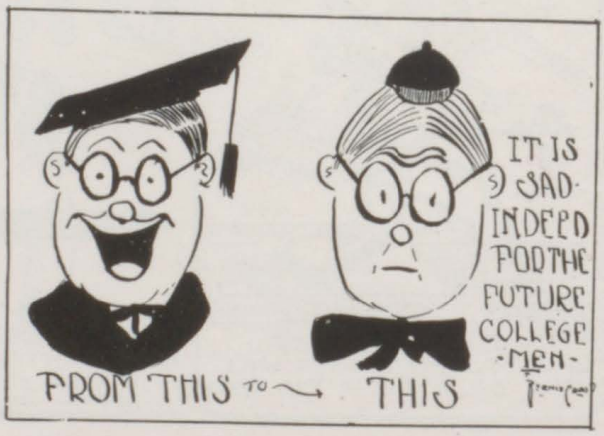
"57 Varieties"—Graduating Class.

"Compare Champions"—Holzman and Ramaglia.

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6. Syncopation—Our socials?
7. Realization—Getting term's mark.
8. Culmination—Going home with the good news.



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ROOM 114 BEFORE CLASSES

I peeped into room 114 a few minutes before eight o'clock and saw Ruth Govier industriously bent over her books. I decided it was too early to go in so I took a few more turns around the corridor.

B-r-r-r, the first bell and away I dashed so as to get in the home-room before the late bell. When I reached the room I found, Florence Shachter, Belle Cohn, and Ruth Snyder engaged in a lively talk about the terrors of history tests, while in another part of the room Robert Casper, Doré Cohn, Harold Milward, and Norman Greenfield were talking about radio, if one can judge by their gestures.

Herman Tillis was at the door endeavoring to persuade the members of the class that they needed a football ticket in order to see our team win the next game. Frances Irwin fell for the bait as well as Mildred Schroeder.

Edna Hirschberg and Ruth Lancit were studying history so hard that they could be heard reciting the Compromise of 1850 anywhere in the room.

Allene Crane and Lois Brown were rather silent, which was a most unusual event. It may have been because Cecilia Priester and Helen Puth were doing more than their share of talking.

Arthur McNickle was having his trials as agent for THE OPTIMIST, a task which he seemed to relish.

Harold Graber and Carl Kress who were reading a week-old paper and seemed to be annoyed by the voice of Lilian Rittenband, who was trying in vain to secure funds from Clarence Kohn and Clara Dornbusch, who paid no attention at all to her.

Arthur Collani and Milton Haase were parked comfortably in the back of the room, cracking jokes or exchanging the news of the day, or rather the night before. Milton Muntrick, when not talking, was gazing out of the door, we presume in hopes of seeing Clarissa Deerin.

Nearer the front of the room Emma Mitchel was tormenting Anna Reynolds as usual, while Lesnik was receiving a call-down from our teacher.

Ah, the last bell and just then Naomi Waldo dashed in. Better late than never, Naomi.

The other day Ruth Govier powdered her nose so hard it bled.



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French Teacher: What recent movie was taken from Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris?"

R. Poleschuck: "The Woman of Paris!"

We asked one of our debaters what an orator was and he said, "When you ask an ordinary person how much two and two are, he would say four. But when you ask an orator he'd say 'when in the course of human events it becomes necessary to take the numeral of the second denomination and add it to the figure two, I say to you, and I say it without fear of successful contradiction, that the result will invariably be four.' That's an orator."

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"Extraordinary that a child so young should be able to read," said the teacher.

Martin had a reputation for coming in late every morning. Then suddenly he gave the whole classroom a shock by arriving to school early for three days running.

"Ah," said the teacher, "I am glad to notice you are arriving punctually now, Martin."

"Yes, sir; I've bought a parrot."

"A parrot? What for? I told you to get an alarm clock."

"Yes, I did, but after a day or two I got used to it, and it failed to waken me. So I got the parrot, and now when I go to bed I hang the alarm clock just above the parrot's cage. It wakes the parrot up, and what the bird says would rouse anybody.

Teacher (reading notice): The members of the Glee Club will please report in the Assembly immediately after the second period.

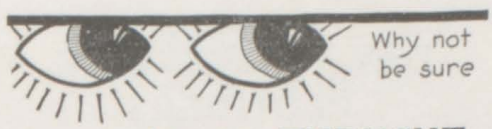
Andy Ramaglia: God save the audience!

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Mary: I became acquainted yesterday with a young man, at whose very touch I became nervous.

Jack: And who is this young man?

Mary: My dentist.

Teacher (discussing the topic of wind): As I was coming on the car this morning, something came in thru the door and kissed me on the cheek? Can anyone tell me who or what it was?

Govendo: The conductor.

Fred Strubbe: Did you get that sheet of glass 14x12 for our window in school?

Frank Martin: They didn't have any more 14x12 panes. The only size they had was 12x14.

Fred Strubbe: Well, why didn't you get that? We could have put it in sideways.

Helen: When Harry proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water.

Mary: Well he knew he was caught.

---

20 Years Hence

Feldmann: What is Langburg doing now?

Wilder: He's a diamond setter.

Feldmann: A diamond setter?

Wilder: Yes, he sets out at the baseball park every afternoon.



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BUESCHER

Leah Farbstein, translating in Spanish: "The beautiful Moors came together from all over the country and their beds."

If we had radio in the Caesarian era, the program would look something like this:

Station T-O-G-A.

Prima Vigilia: One Round Brutus vs. Consul Caesar. Announced by Mark Antony.

Secunda Virgilia: Luke Catiline will speak on "How to Become a Conspirator."

Tertia Vigilia: Cytherea Venus, in her weekly lecture on "The Use of Beauty Clay."

Prima Hora: M. Apollo will give his morning reducing exercises.

Secunda Hora: "The Sirens" will sing some news songs accompanied by Scylla and Cerberus.

Tertia Hora: "Echoes from Olympus" by direct wire from the oracle at Delphi.

Quarta Hora: Aeneas of Troy, will give a lecture on "My Seven Years in Aequore."

The following question was seen on an examination paper on "Forest Products": Make a table of the chief uses of wood in the U. S. and give in round numbers the amount consumed under each head.



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SENIOR ALUMNI SINCE 47 B. C.

January 1—Cleopatra uses Palmolive soap. Ruth Briggs tries same.

13—Chewing gum invented. Lenore Hahn tries this.

28—Stacomb first used. Fred Ross tries this.

30—New way of copying drawings invented. Uslander tries this.

February 1—Three Musketeers found to be always together. Mildred Kaelbeauer, Edna Meister, and Emma Mitchell form one trio, Anna Sissman, Mildred Kingsland, and Mildred Rebenfeld, the other.

9—Mohammed writes Koran. Hulda Goeller writes story.

19—First telephone conversation. Sam Wilder starts to talk.

March 1—Clocks invented. Lilian Rittenband gets new crystal for hers.

March 14—Battle of Waterloo. " Calahan Holzman" enters football.

April 1—Sphinx built. Flora Mandelbaum utters first word.

16—A new kind of compact invented. Yetta Weissman first one to try it.

22—Sousa's band comes to Newark. Ray Goldberg, Freda Paster, and Ida Turkenitch try to catch up with him.

30—Smiles first noticed. Florence Schachter practises these.

May 1—Malted Milks discovered. Molly Wenger tries these.

5—My birthday—enough of an event!

11—Study first considered a good thing. Belle Cohen tries this.

31—Teachers learn how to make tens. Jack Feldman is the one they practise on.

June 1—Getting ready for exams.

15—Half a month less!

30—We graduate!!!! Who can tell?

Just after the apple hit him on the head Sir Isaac Newton became suddenly serious:

"I realize the gravity of the situation."

"Here's an item that says that the King of Sweden raises prize dogs on his farm," observed Phillipson.

"I suppose he uses them to drive his Stockholm," replied Govendo.

Don't hold your head too high—your neck may be dirty.

Teacher: Listen to what I am going to show you!

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The "Balanced" Six



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The "Equipoised" Eight

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The height of extravagance: A man wearing a necktie when he has a beard.

Teacher: What does H^2SO^3 stand for?
Baseball Fan: For two hits, and three strike outs.

Feldmann: What's your topic in Chemistry?
Schenkel: "Anthracite", that is a good one.
Feldmann: Yes, good and hard.

Ramaglia: My mind is my memorandum.
Lesnick: Oh, I see, a sort of blank book, eh?

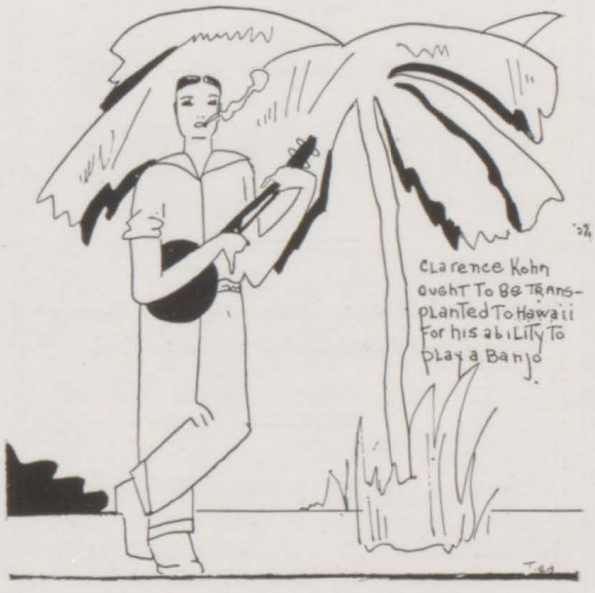
Teacher: Name the principal parts of a sentence.
Lucille Strauss: Solitary confinement, bread, and water.

Wild: When I read it, I was wrapped up in my thoughts.
Wilder: Didn't you catch your death of cold?

Kuskin: What are nitrites?
Spector: Rides after dark.

A certain teacher's marks are so low, that you would think she spent her vacation in Germany.

Martin and "Gorry" walking side by side down tht corridor.
Martin: What's next to a gorilla?
Gorewitz: A monkey.
Martin: Ha, ha, you're a monkey.



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YOURS
PROGRESS—the 'Good Morning' COFFEE

Earnest Teacher: Money does not bring happiness.
Ruth Govier: Yes, but it carries it a long way.

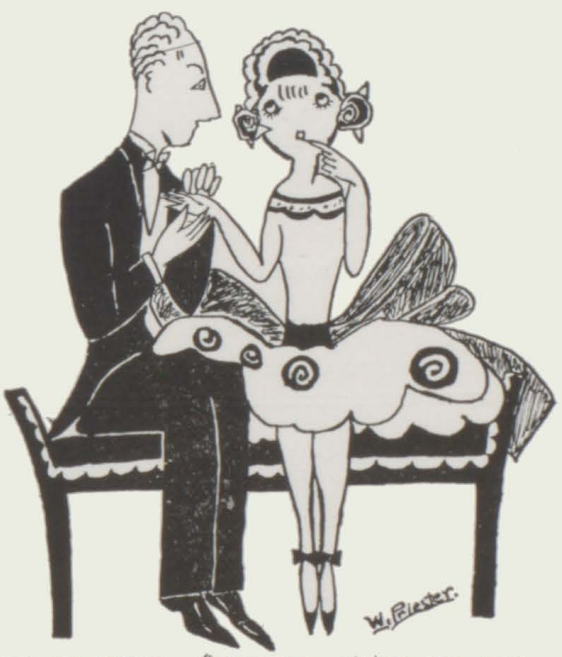
Chemistry Teacher: They have asked me to suggest what equipment to put into the new "West Side High" chemistry laboratory.
Martin: It wouldn't be a bad idea to put lounges in there.

Doré Cohen: Why are you putting pillows around the house?
Feldmann: I'm going to put up an aerial, and you can never tell what is going to happen.

Martin: I'm leaving school.
Levy: How's that, are you in trouble?
Martin: No, I'm graduating.

Teacher: Who was it saw the handwriting on the wall?
Cohen: The landlord.

Teacher: Is the world flat or round?
Holzman: Neither.
Teacher: What is it then?
Holzman: Crooked.



PHIL FIERSTEIN — "DARLING WHEN YOU ARE AWAY, I HAVE YOUR PICTURE IN MY MIND"
DOROTHY SACHS — "OH PHIL — HOW SMALL YOU MAKE ME FEEL!"

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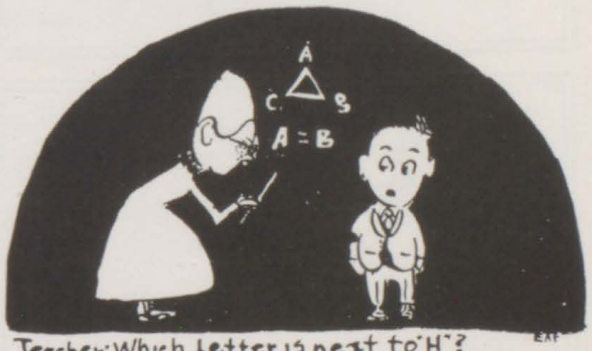
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